May 23, 1942

THE NEW YORKER

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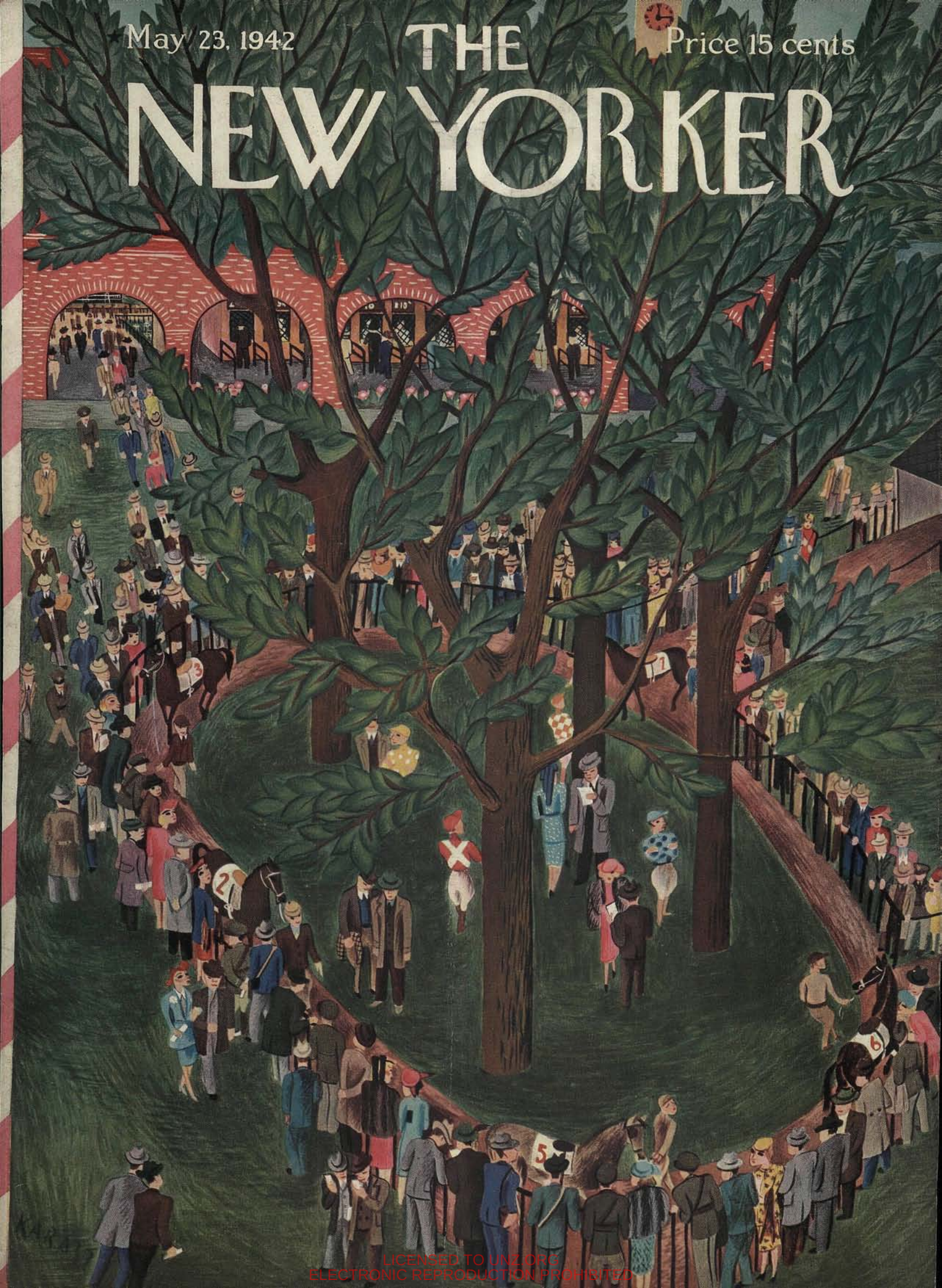

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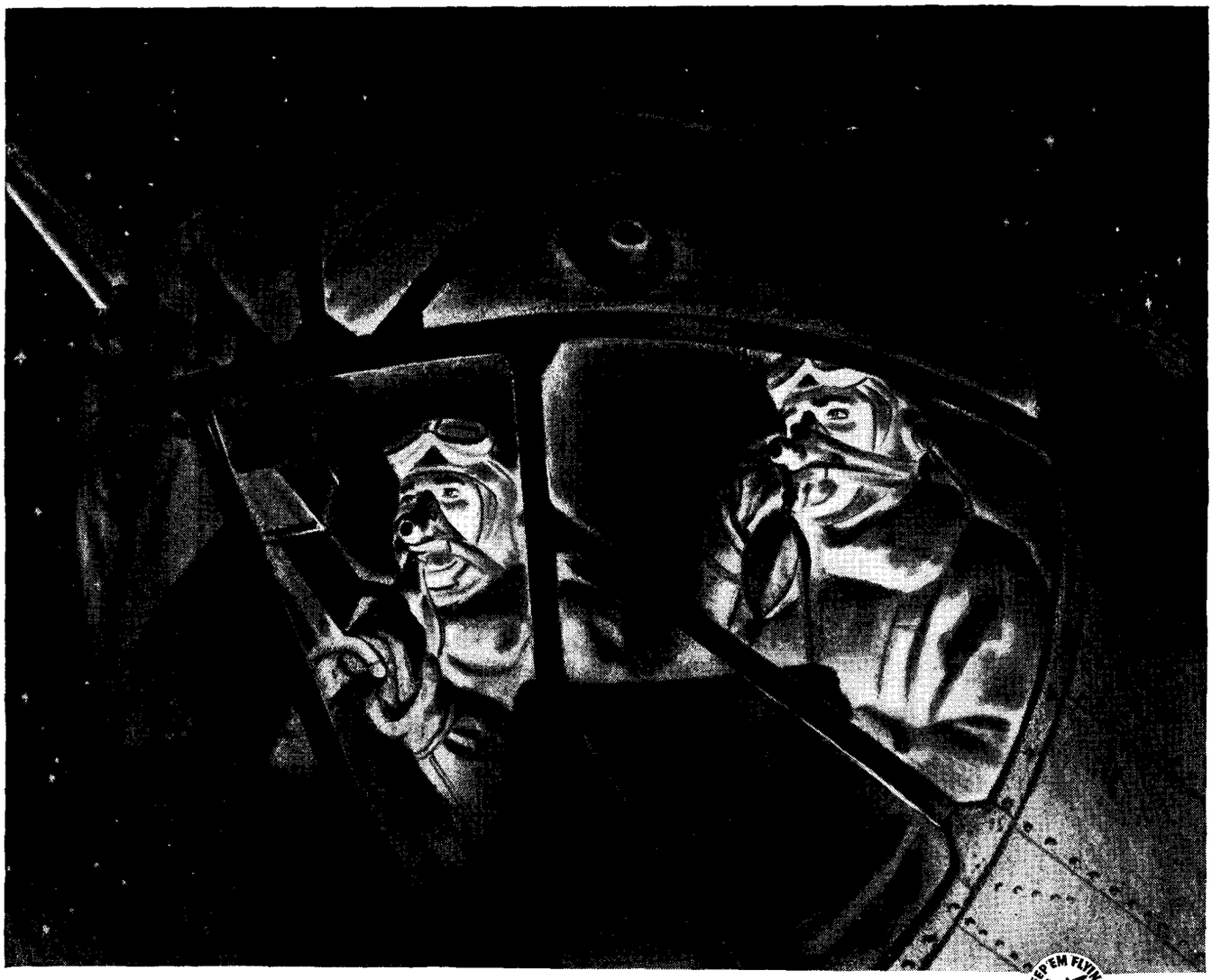

Two on the aisle for the Milky Way

You are sitting out on the edge of space. Ahead of you a couple of million stars are blinking. It is dark below you. The earth is down there. Six miles down.

You are the bombardier in a Boeing Flying Fortress* making more than three hundred miles an hour over enemy territory, and you are ready for action any minute.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANGEL STREET—An excellent melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn, Vincent Price, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

BLITHE SPIRIT—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for the season's best foreign play. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

CAFÉ CROWN—A comedy dealing with a celebrated restaurant and the Yiddish theatre. Rather slight and special for the general public. Sam Jaffe and Morris Carnovsky are in it. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., May 23.)

CANDIDA—Katharine Cornell, Raymond Massey, and Burgess Meredith in some more special performances of the Shaw play, under the direction of Guthrie McClintic. Sponsored by the American Theatre Wing as a benefit for Army and Navy relief organizations. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, Sun., May 24, through Sun., May 31, at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sun., Wed., Sat., and Sun., May 24, 27, 30, and 31.)

CLAUDIA—A limited return engagement of Rose Franken's comedy of a flighty bride who is brought to face the facts of life, with Dorothy McGuire, Frances Starr, and Donald Cook. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Reopening Sun. Eve., May 24, at 8:40. Nightly thereafter, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

GUEST IN THE HOUSE—A rather exciting play about a young woman who doesn't know her own strength. With Mary Anderson, Leon Ames, and Louise Campbell. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

JUNIOR MISS—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. An excellent dramatization of Sally Benson's stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan as two little girls. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—How things were on Madison Avenue in the eighteen-eighties. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother in this very attractive stage version of the late Clarence Day's book. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THE MOON IS DOWN—John Steinbeck's high-minded but perhaps misguided attempt to say that free men won't stay conquered. Otto Kruger and Ralph Morgan lead the invaders and their victims, respectively. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:45. Mat. 2:45, Sat. Closes Sat., May 23.)

MY SISTER EILEEN—Ruth McKenney's stories adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A fine, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth and Jo Ann Sayers. George Kaufman's direction is magnificent. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

SPRING AGAIN—Grace George's gentle, eloquent performance is a great help to this modest comedy about a lady who gets terribly sick of her husband's ancestors. With C. Aubrey Smith and Joseph Buloff. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

YESTERDAY'S MAGIC—The Theatre Guild's production of Emlyn Williams' rather old-fashioned and tiresome piece about a drunken actor who wants to play Lear. Paul Muni and Jessica Tandy are prominently involved. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. Closes Sat., May 30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

THE STRINGS, MY LORD, ARE FALSE—Ruth Gordon and Walter Hampden in a play by Paul Vincent Carroll. Produced by Edward Choate, Alexander Kirkland, and John Sheppard, Jr. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., May 21 and 23; Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

UNCLE HARRY—Eva Le Gallienne and Joseph Schildkraut in a melodrama by Thomas Job. Produced by Clifford Hayman and Lennie Hatten. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

BEST FOOT FORWARD—The locale of this George Abbott comedy is a preparatory school, but don't let that intimidate you, because it is about as fresh and gay as it can be. The scenery is by Jo Mielziner, the dances by Gene Kelly, and the music and lyrics by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane. The cast is large and fine and very, very young. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

HARLEM CAVALCADE—A colored revue that may offer more spirit than talent but is pretty good fun just the same. With Noble Sissle, the Peters Sisters, and Flournoy Miller. (Ritz, 48, W. CI 6-9720. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, daily; also Sun. at 5:30.)

KEEP 'EM LAUGHING—A superior vaudeville show, with, at the moment, the Hartmans, Hildegarde, William Gaxton, Victor Moore, and a talented troupe of performing dogs. The cast will be considerably revised on Fri., May 29. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, daily; also Sun. at 5:30.)

LADY IN THE DARK—Gertrude Lawrence in something that Moss Hart probably had to get out of his system. Miss Lawrence is superb. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Closes Sat., May 30.)

LET'S FACE IT!—A musical version of "Cradle Snatchers" which is occasionally coy but generally very satisfactory. Danny Kaye heads the cast and Cole Porter has turned out most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., May 24, at 8:30, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

PORGY AND BESS—An excellent revival of the Gershwin-Heyward folk opera. Most of the original cast are in it again, including Todd Duncan, Anne Brown, and Georgette Harvey. Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

PRIORITIES OF 1942—If you liked the old Palace, you should admire this vaudeville show, which includes everything except the trained seals. On the current bill are Lou Holtz, Willie Howard, Phil Baker, and Hazel Scott. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, daily; also Sun. at 5:30.)

SONS O' FUN—This Olsen and Johnson brain storm is strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." Ella Logan, Frank Libuse, and Joe Besser help to torment the audience. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME—Dorothy Sands, Nicholas Joy, and Celeste Holm in a revival of the William Gillette play as revised by Helen Jerome. Produced by Edith C. Ringling and Mollie B. Steinberg. Opens Mon., May 25. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

COMES THE REVELATION—A comedy by Louis Vittes, with Will Geer. Produced by John Morris Chanin and Richard Karlan. Opens Tues., May 26. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. CO 5-9591. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

MISCELLANY

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—The Savoy Opera Guild in "The Gondoliers": Thurs. through Sat. Eves., May 21-23 and 28-30, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

LUDMILLA PITOËFF—The French actress-manager, making her first appearance here, will present "L'Annonce Faite à Marie," assisted by a French cast: Thurs. Eve., May 21, at 8:45, and Sat. Aft., May 23, at 2:30. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 6 Ave. at 58. CI 7-7000.)

WAR AND PEACE—As its final production of the season, the Studio Theatre is presenting a dramatization of the Tolstoy novel by Alfred Neumann, Erwin Piscator, Maurice Kurtz, and Harold Anderson: nightly, except Mon., at 8:30, through Sun., May 31. (New School, 66 W. 12. For tickets, call GR 7-6221.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 30.

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DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them have fill-in performers or are closed altogether on either Sun. or Mon., so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—One of those gardens with four walls and a roof, but it has a nice under-the-greenwood air all the same. Jules Lande's orchestra is on hand and also plays for tea dancing there from 5 to 7.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room has Ray Heatherton's orchestra supplying dance music and casual entertainment.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A tropical place, with palm trees that would surprise the average botanist. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, a samba band, and a show. Closes for the season on Wed., May 27.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Well thought of by fugitives from swing, including a large number of conservative undergraduates. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, all done up in red, white, and blue, offers

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songs by Betty Bryant and music by Stanley Melba's orchestra. On Sun. Eves. the entertainers move into the Café Pierre, where Melba's orchestra plays for tea dancing weekdays from 5 to 7.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Russell Swann will be doing his magic tricks in the Persian Room through Thurs., May 21, and a dance team will take over on Sat., May 23. Music by Dick Gasparre's orchestra, which also plays for tea dancing on Sat. and Sun. from 5 to 7.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Jack Cole and his dancers head the show in this sky-scraping aerie. Music by Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra plays in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—There's dancing on the Roof to the music of Paul Sparr's orchestra.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde's songs, accent, and personality are on display in the Café Lounge. Bob Grant's orchestra.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band. Ernie Holst's orchestra plays for tea dancing from 5 to 7.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one well over on the East Side, though Broadway folk seem to like it fine. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Georges and Jalna and Guy Lombardo's orchestra are on the airy Starlight Roof.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): unusually quiet, and the show, with several competent entertainers, is unusual too. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Elsie Houston is here now, and so, as always, is Spivy. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): there's a small show, but the Lamotte murals are the main attraction. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns provides a pleasant piano accompaniment to the gin-rummy players' thoughts. . . . **TONY'S**, 59 W. 52 (PL 5-0170): gin rummy here, too, and piano-playing by Cy Walter. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music and the candlelight are nice, and so is the view of the Park below.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an attractive spot for a casual good time. Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with George Morris's orchestra. Songs by Maggi McNellis. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Emil Coleman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show that includes Peggy Fears and Mary Raye and Naldi. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with Hazel Scott, Kenneth Spencer, Joe Sullivan, and Eddie South's band; Zero Mostel is there too. . . . **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Tommy Tucker's orchestra will be replaced by Sammy Kaye's on Fri., May 29. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Walter Perner's orchestra. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with Sande Williams' orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing. No dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with songs by Huddie Ledbetter and others. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **LATIN QUARTER**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): modelled after gay Paree when it was gay, with apaches and cancans. . . . **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): mainly South American, with Jack Harris's orchestra playing for dancing. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with, among other entertainers, Pilar Lopez, the dancer. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Frankie Hyers isn't any too squeamish about his quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Betty Compson, Gilda Gray, and Carlyle Blackwell in a Billy Rose show that's been going for over a year.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): boogie-woogie headquarters, where most of the Village goes to hear Ammons and Johnson and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Pee Wee Russell and a number of other fanatics play in this downtown hangout. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton, with his drums and his trio.

AL-FRESCO—The **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600): Joe Ricardel's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . Some Village places with sidewalk cafés which you might care to drop into if you're down that way: the **BREVOORT**, 5 Ave. at 8; the **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL**, 5 Ave. at 9; and **LONGCHAMPS**, 5 Ave. at 12.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

ART

ABSTRACTIONISTS—Works by Jean Hélion, Carl Holty, Vaclav Vytlacil, and others: Museum of Living Art, 100 Washington Sq. E. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 8 P.M.; Sat., except Memorial Day, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through the summer.

DOVE—New oils, as boldly patterned and colorful as ever: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through June 3.

DRAWINGS—At the **BUCHHOLZ**, 32 E. 57: varied, extremely spirited selection of drawings, covering most of the well-known modern English, Europeans, and Americans. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., May 29. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: mainly French, in a group that ranges from Constantin Guys to Picasso. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., May 29. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington, at 61: drawings of war, from Goya's studies of the Napoleonic invasion of Spain to the equally scarifying first-World War sketches of Otto Dix. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., May 29. . . . **ZBOROWSKI**, 61 E. 57: drawings by the Spanish sculptor Urbici Soler. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., May 29.

FRENCH—At **DURAND-RUEL**, 12 E. 57: oils by Renoir, Degas, Monet, Pissarro, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . **ST. ETIENNE**, 46 W. 57: lithographs by Honoré Daumier. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., May 29. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57: loan show of nineteenth-century paintings, from Corot to van Gogh and including a stunning Cézanne; Navy Relief Society benefit. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., May 29.

GROUPS—At the **LILIENFELD**, 21 E. 57: a fine still-life by Jean Watson leads a group of paintings by Werner Drewes, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, and others. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 6. . . . **HARRIMAN**, 63 E. 57: water colors and drawings by Henry Botkin, Patsy Santo, and others. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: paintings by Kroll, Etnier, Sterne, and other contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through Fri., May 29. . . . **ANDRE SELIGMANN**, 15 E. 57: paintings by Corbino, Menkes, Stillman, and other Americans. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 13. . . . **WAKEFIELD**, 64 E. 55: works by Maxime Kopf, Charles Owens, Tibor Gergely, and other members of this gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., except Memorial Day, 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Aug. 30.

KLEE—A selection of his paintings, in a rotating show that's been going on all season: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., May 29.

KUNIYOSHI—Retrospective loan show of paintings, covering his twenty-year career as an artist in this country; United China Relief benefit: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., May 29.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—"Cartoons of the Day," an exhibition in which such artists as Gropper, Kirby, Garrett Price, Raemaekers, and Soglow are represented; also drawings, mostly in color, of textiles, furniture, glass, and ceramics in the Museum's American collection, from the Index of American Design (both through June 30). Stirring architectural etchings by Piranesi (through May 31). Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Paintings, sculptures, water colors, and prints, donated by the public, are being sold for the benefit of the armed services. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through June 1.

PRIMITIVES—Loan exhibition of outstanding oils and water colors by American leaders in this field: American Primitives, 555 Madison, at 56. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., May 29.

TCHELITCHEW—Wash drawings for the most part, all featuring double-image effects and almost too elaborately done: Julien Levy, 11 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 23.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—Selected sculptures by contemporary Americans and paintings from the Museum's permanent collection; also, drawings on architectural subjects by Hugh Ferriss. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Fri., May 29.

HERE AND THERE—At **SACHS**, 63 E. 52: "The Animal in Ancient Art," including small sculptures, ceramics, and other archaic objets d'art. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 30. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57: recent paintings by Joseph Stella. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 23. . . . **HARLOW, KEPPEL**, 670 5 Ave., at 53: annual exhibition of the American Print Makers. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Fri., May 29. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57: drawings and water colors by José de Creeft. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 23. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS'**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: paintings of America by the Chinese artist Wong Siuling. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 23. . . . **PINACOTHECA**, 20 W. 58: paintings of Costa Rica by Pachita Crespi. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 23. . . . **AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS**, 633 W. 155: membership show of paintings, sculptures, and works in other media. Daily, including Memorial Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 19. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: pastels and water colors by Yee Ping Shen Hsu and Chang Shu-Chi; United China Relief benefit. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 23. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64: paintings by Carlos de la Torre and drawings by Ramon Gomez Cornet. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 6. . . . **VALENTINE**, 55 E. 57. sculptures by Maria. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., May 29. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: drawings by Isabel Bishop. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 6. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, Hotel Gotham, 5 Ave. at 55: loan show of portraits, mostly early American, of men and women prominent in the nation's history; for the benefit of Barnard College. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 5. . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57: recent work by Alexander Calder. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 6. . . . **ARTISTS'**, 113 W. 13: seasonal retrospective of works by Boehler, Benn, Margules, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Thurs. Eve., 8 to 10 P.M.); Sun., 3 to 6 and 8 to 10 P.M.; through Mon., May 25.

NOTE—The semiannual outdoor art exhibit in Washington Square will continue daily, from 10 A.M. until dark, through Sun., May 24.

MUSIC

CANTATA SINGERS—Mendel conducting: All Souls Church, Lexington at 80, Thurs. Eve., May 21, at 8:30. (For tickets, call VO 5-1357.)

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Iturbi conducting; soloists, Iturbi, Argentinita, Pilar Lopez, and Federico Rey: Cosmopolitan Opera House, 135 W. 55, Sun. Eve., May 24, at 6. (For tickets, call CO 5-9089, from 2 to 5 P.M.)

NATIONAL GLEE CLUB CONCERTS—The finals of a nationwide competition among college glee clubs, sponsored by Fred Waring: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., May 30, at 8:30, and Sun. Aft., May 31, at 2:30. (For tickets, call CI 7-7460.)

RECITAL—Jan Peerce, Robert Weede, Arnold Eidus, and Vivian Della Chiesa: Town Hall, Thurs. Eve., May 21, at 8:30. (For tickets, call BR 9-7492.)

OPERA

MANNES MUSIC SCHOOL—"The Abduction from the Seraglio," Wed. and Thurs. Eves., May 27-28, at 8:45. (Mannes School Auditorium, 157 E. 74. BU 8-0656.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Thurs. Aft., May 21, at 3; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Mon., May 25, time to be announced; Dodgers vs. Giants, Fri. Aft., May 29, at 3, and Sat. Aft., May 30 (doubleheader), at 1:30. . . . **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Chicago, Thurs. Aft., May 21, at 3; Giants vs. Dodgers, Fri., May 22, time to be announced, Sat. Aft., May 23, at 2:30, and Sun. Aft., May 24, at 3. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Boston, Mon. and Tues. Afts., May 25-26, at 3; Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Wed. and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Thurs. Afts., May 27-28, at 3; Yankees vs. Washington, Fri. Aft., May 29, at 3, and Sat. Aft., May 30 (doubleheader), at 1:30.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Bob Pastor vs. Tami Mauriello, 10 rounds, heavyweights, Thurs., May 21; Ray Robinson vs. Marty Servo, 10 rounds, welterweights, Thurs., May 28; preliminaries at 8:30, main matches at about 10 P.M.

Crew—On SAT. AFT., MAY 23—Yale-Harvard, Derby, Conn.: freshman at 5:30; junior varsity at 6; varsity at 6:30.

SAT. AFT., MAY 30—Syracuse-Cornell, Ithaca; times to be announced.

Dog Shows—Greenwich Kennel Club, Port Chester, Sun., May 24, at 10 A.M.; benefit for Dogs for Defense. . . . Bucks County Kennel Club, Doylestown, Pa., Sat., May 30, at 10 A.M.

Golf—Local qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Hale America Tournament, Mon., May 25, at the Gedney C.C., White Plains; Lido C.C., Lido Beach; and Suburban G.C., Union, N.J. . . . Joseph J. Windle Tournament for Women, Ridgewood C.C., Ridgewood, N.J., Tues., May 26. . . . National P.G.A. Championship, Seaview C.C., Atlantic City, Mon. through Sun., May 25-31.

Horse Shows—Wilmington Show, Wilmington, Del., Sat., May 23; American Red Cross benefit. . . . Devon Show and Country Fair, Devon, Pa., Mon. through Sat., May 25-30.

Racing—Weekdays at Belmont Park, at 2 P.M.; through June 6. (The Juvenile and The Withers, May 23; the Coaching Club American Oaks, May 27; the Suburban Handicap, May 30.) Frequent special trains will leave Penn Station daily between 12:15 and 1:30 P.M.

Track—Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. Meet, Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island, Fri., May 29, at 2 P.M., and Sat., May 30, at 1:30 P.M.

Yachting—First of the weekly championship regattas on the Sound: Echo Bay Y.C., Sat. Aft., May 30, at about 2.

OTHER EVENTS

Fire-Fighting in Review—An exhibition, described as tracing the history of the city's Fire Department "from leather bucket to stirrup pump," which includes actual pieces of equipment as well as models, old and new: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Wartime Exhibitions—A housing show, complete with sound effects and a running commentary from loudspeakers, arranged with the aid of the National Committee on the Housing Emergency (through June 21); also, photographs, selected by Edward Steichen, showing this nation at war (through Sept. 20): Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

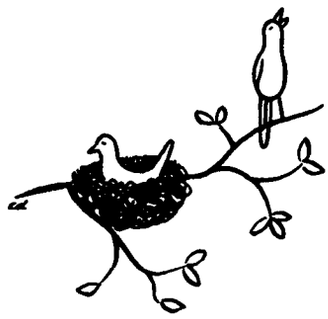
Garden Exhibitions—The Greenwich Village gardens of Mrs. Ernest Elgart, 20 W. 12; Mrs. Louis H. Harris, 54 W. 11; Wilfred E. Anthony, 8 Grove; and Mrs. J. G. Phelps Stokes, 88 Grove: Thurs. Aft., May 21, from 2 to 6. (For tickets, call Mrs. Stokes, CH 2-8574.)

Fashion Exhibition—Twenty-eight up-to-date versions, by Monteil, Rosenstein, Valentina, and other American designers, of costumes portrayed in the Metropolitan Museum's collection of Renaissance art: at the Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through June 30.

Benefits—A fiesta called "The Round-Up," with tents, chuck wagons, cowhands, etc., and with entertainment by Paul Draper and Paula Laurence, among others; for the Madison Square Boys' Club: Park Lane, Tues. Eve., May 26, at 10. . . . The Stage Door Canteen, 216 W. 44, with its murals and panels by theatre artists, will be open to the public on Wed., May 27, from 1 to 4 P.M., as a benefit for the American Theatre Wing.

On the Air—American Opera Series, Wallenstein conducting: "The Old Maid and the Thief," Thurs. Eve., May 21; "Tennessee's Partner," Thurs. Eve., May 28; at 8, WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Fri. and Sun. Eves. at 9:45, WJZ; Elmer Davis, Mon. Eves. at 11, WABC; Quincy Howe, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR; Waverley Root, Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:30, WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. Afts. at 5:45, and Tues. Eves. at 11, WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Thurs., Sat., and Mon. Eves. at 10, WOR; Dorothy Thompson, Thurs. Eves. at 8:45, WJZ; Wythe Williams, Mon. and Wed. Eves. at 8:30, WHN. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, and Sun. Eves. at 6 and 8, WABC; Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 7:15, WEAF; Sun. Afts. at 1:45, WOR; and Sun. Eves. at 7, WJZ.



THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 30.

Note—The stock of wines and liquors from the S.S. Normandie will be sold at auction at the United States Appraisers Stores, 201 Varick St., Tues., May 26, at 10 A.M., where the supplies will be on exhibit Fri. and Mon., May 22 and 25, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. (For details concerning bidding rules, call WA 5-2000.)

MOTION PICTURES

Fantasia—Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse in a grand mixup, which, after all, has done very well for itself. The current version has been slightly trimmed and its special sound accompaniment toned down to the limitations of the average theatre. (77th Street, B'way at 77; Thurs., May 21. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Fri., May 22. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Tues., May 23-26. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., May 27-30.)

The Gold Rush—Charlie Chaplin's classic, which he himself has revised for sound and which turns out to be fresh and modern and altogether still a pleasure. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

H. M. Pulham, Esq.—Hedy Lamarr, Ruth Hussey, and Robert Young in a screen version of the Marquand novel that has the proper refinement and deliberation of pace and may somewhat bewilder persons who don't understand Back Bay and Beacon Hill. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., May 21.)

In This Our Life—Bette Davis as one of those wicked, wicked women again, and an artist at the job. Southern society, from the Ellen Glasgow novel, with Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan as victims. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

The Invaders—Nazi adventures in Canada—a thoroughly exciting travelogue. With Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, and Raymond Massey. (Beacon, B'way at 75; Thurs., May 21. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; through Tues., May 26. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Thurs., May 22-28.)

Kings Row—An adult story, well written and firmly acted. Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, Claude Rains, and a generally fine cast. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., May 22. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; Fri. through Thurs., May 22-28.)

Lady in Distress—A superb English melodrama, not about the war. Paul Lukas and Michael Redgrave. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Wed., May 27.)

The Male Animal—A successful and stimulating screen version of the Thurber-Nugent comedy of football and faculties. With Olivia de Havilland and Henry Fonda. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., May 27.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley in a film that follows the Kaufman-Hart stage comedy almost word for word. Lively, of course. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., May 21.)

Moontide—A sombre sketch of life along the West Coast waterfront, imaginative and violent. Introducing Jean Gabin, with scarcely a trace of accent, in his first American film. He is assisted by Ida Lupino and Thomas Mitchell. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; through Fri., May 22.)

The Spoilers—A nice, substantial Western for such as appreciate the type. From Rex Beach's novel and with Marlene Dietrich, John Wayne, Randolph Scott, and quite a gang of old-timers. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

This Gun for Hire—Odd thriller of night clubs, Fifth Columnists, and killings in a more or less unexpected style. With Veronica Lake. (Paramount, B'way at 43; through Tues., May 26.)

To Be or Not to Be—A somewhat curious comedy laid in Poland at the time of the invasion, and mostly a joke on the Gestapo. With Carole Lombard and Jack Benny. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Fri., May 22. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., May 23. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; starting Wed., May 27.)

Tortilla Flat—A rather charming film of the Steinbeck story of Californian *paisanos*. Quaint and diverting, with Hedy Lamarr, Spencer Tracy, John Garfield, and Frank Morgan. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

Woman of the Year—Hepburn, Tracy; jokes about baseball, refugees, and bridal nights. Ho hum, take it away. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., May 22. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., May 23-25. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., May 27-28.)

REVIVALS

The Adventures of Robin Hood (1938)—Errol Flynn as the outlaw. With Olivia de Havilland, Basil Rathbone, and Technicolor. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., May 22.)

Daybreak (1940)—Jean Gabin as a gentle murderer. French. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., May 22. . . . Park, Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., May 23-26.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—German prisons in the last war. Eric von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. French. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., May 22.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—The Hilton story. With Ronald Colman and Margo. (Park, Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., May 27-29.)

Major Barbara (1941)—Shaw's film version of his Salvation Army comedy. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (77th Street, B'way at 77; Thurs., May 21.)

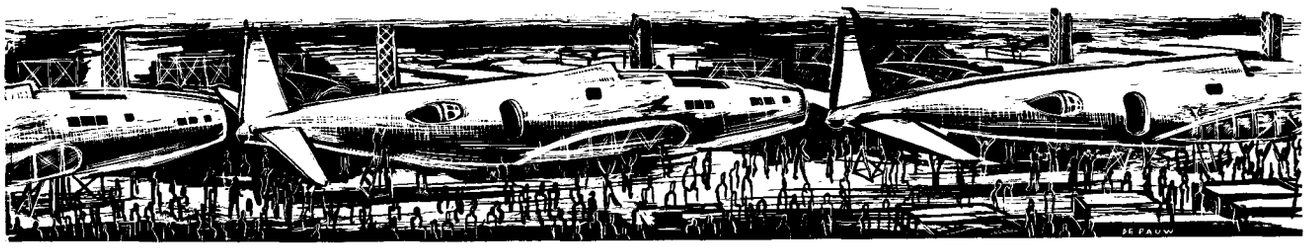
My Favorite Wife (1940)—Irene Dunne leaves, and comes back to, Cary Grant. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Fri. through Mon., May 22-25.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's first big thriller of spies, the Gestapo, and all. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. through Thurs., May 26-28.)

Sidewalks of London (1940)—English stage people. Vivien Leigh and Charles Laughton. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., May 27-29.)

Stolen Life (1939)—Elisabeth Bergner as twins. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., May 23-26.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing programs of American and European films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule—THURS., MAY 21: "The Salvation Hunters" (1925), directed by Josef von Sternberg. FRI. AND SAT., MAY 22-23: "The Unholy Three" (1925), Lon Chaney. SUN. AND MON., MAY 24-25: "Variety" (1925), Emil Jannings, Lya de Putti. TUES. AND WED., MAY 26-27: "Don Q, Son of Zorro" (1925), Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Astor. THURS. AND FRI., MAY 28-29: "Stella Dallas" (1925), Ronald Colman, Belle Bennett, Lois Moran, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. SAT., MAY 30: two Russian films (1925-26), directed by Pudovkin.



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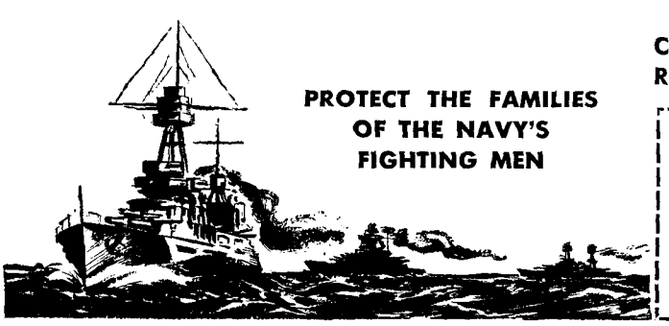

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THIS being the month of May, our text is Love. We have decided, however, to dispense with the sermon we had prepared on this subject and wish merely to refer the reader, especially the youngish reader, to Mr. H. L. Mencken's "New Dictionary of Quotations," which, along with magnolias, has just come out. Under the word "love," Mr. Mencken sagely explains that references to it in his book may also be found under the following headings:

Absence, Affection, Age (Old), Ages, Anger, Aversion, Bold, Boy, Ceremony, Change, Children, Compliance, Constancy, Credo, Cupid, Desire, Drama, Esteem, Fair Play, Faith, Faithful, Fault, Fear, Fifty, Fire, Flirtation, Fortune, Friend, Friendship, Gentleman, Giant, God, Habit, Haste, Hatred, Honor, Humanity, Humility, Husband and Wife, Inconstancy, Jealousy, Kindness, Kiss, Life, Liver, Look, Loss, Louse, Man and Woman, Marriage, Moderation, Modesty, Money, Music, Night, Novel, Pity, Pleasure, Poet, Poetry, Poverty, Prosperity, Prudence, Reason, Soldier, Soup, Spring, Tears, Trust, Unlucky, War, Youth and Age.

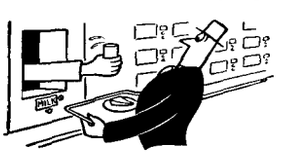
There, it seems to us, is as much wisdom as anybody could want on a fine spring day.

COROLLARY NOTE: References to "Spring," in Mr. Mencken's book, may also be found under "Thunder."

HOW quickly and imperceptibly America has come to accept the idea of fantastic calamity, we thought as we read an article on air-raid shelters for the home in a great women's magazine. "Then even if the house comes tumbling down into the cellar, you will be comparatively safe," the author wrote cheerfully, unimpressed by the fact of the missing house. This point of view is probably encouraging, indicating a native aptitude for total war. "Home is where you fall down in the bathtub and break your leg," said an insurance pamphlet we got a couple of years ago. At the time we were struck by a certain unsentimental recognition of the facts of life in this statement. Now, when home

is something that is likely to come tumbling down into the cellar, the voice is just as tranquil, just as matter-of-fact. The bomb has merely succeeded the bathtub as a threat to domestic security. The change is only one of degree. Don't give it a second thought.

IT is with a certain sadness that we note an instance of what may well be the ebbing of the tide of mechanization. Go to the Automat these days, put a nickel in the slot marked "Milk," press a button, and a hand clasping a glass



of milk will come at you out of a small, waist-high window. That hand, we are sorry to say, is attached not to a lever, a camshaft, or a complex system of gears, but to a human body. A man we know peered into the window and asked the owner of the hand why the milk-vending machine had been supplanted. "Department of Health," the fellow explained. "When we serve it ourselves," he added, "it's supposed to be more untouched by human hands."

"'GAS' Registration Will Begin Tomorrow," said the *Times* headline. "'Gas' Dealers Want National Rationing," said the *Sun*, also using the quotation marks. All other papers in town just used the word "gas" naked (which, of course, *should* mean "an aeriform fluid, having neither independent shape nor volume, but tending to expand indefinitely"—Webster) without quotation marks, and while we are inclined to string along with them, we congratulate the *Times* and the *Sun* on their attempt to preserve the purity of the English language. It's a losing struggle for culture, like the Peloponnesian War, and it will haunt the minds of future school children long after everyone has forgotten what an X card was.

THE Rev. Wolcott Cutler, rector of St. John's Church in Charlestown, Massachusetts, has sent us a pamphlet explaining why he has refused to register for the latest draft. Mr. Cutler is a pacifist, and his arguments are more or less familiar. We are fighting a war to "maintain Anglo-American commercial dominance;" conscription is the "worst sort of totalitarian regimentation;" even if he didn't believe these things, his conscience wouldn't permit him to countenance "the use of death-dealing force to gain supposedly spiritual or good ends." We respect his sincerity and his courage (he is risking a jail sentence on purely moral grounds, since an elderly clergyman is obviously exempt from military service) but we question a few of his ideas, especially one we came across in a sentence toward the end of his statement. "Not only is Charlestown blessed by a consciousness of the finest patriotic and social and religious traditions," it said, "but, also, we have here the homogeneity naturally found in an almost exclusively white, Christian, and English-speaking community of some 30,000 souls." We don't know about the patriotic, social, and religious traditions, but we recognize the homogeneity all right. It is still perhaps only a dream in the Third Reich, but it can be found in its pure

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form in such various places as a Jim Crow car, a ghetto, or a concentration camp. The principle has been fully explained in a book called "Mein Kampf."

Back to the Soil

WE know a young lady who has just taken a garden apartment in the Village, partly with the motive of planting and cultivating a victory garden. She mentioned this to the renting agent, telling him that she hoped the decorators would do their work quickly, so that she could get settled and give her full time to her garden. The agent promptly got the decorators on the telephone and gave them a fight talk. "I've promised my tenant you'd hurry," he said. "Here it is the middle of May, and she hasn't even done her spring plowing."

Lofty A.R.P.

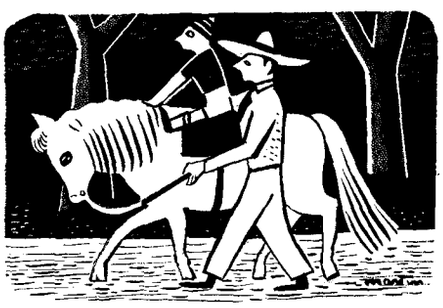
THE Empire State Building is making large-scale preparations for air raids, we find, which may be a gilt-edged omen, considering the extensive plans they made down there some years ago for dirigibles, and how many dirigibles did they get? And now it gives us great pleasure to introduce John J. Hennessy, Coördinator of Civilian Defense for the Schenley Distillers Corporation and A.R.P. chief for the entire Empire State Building. The tieup comes about through the fact that Schenley is the building's biggest tenant, with eight hundred employees, or five per cent of the building's total population, occupying more than five floors there. Hennessy, a large, soft-spoken man in his late fifties, was, until we got into the war, personnel director for all the Schenley factories. Then he switched over to A.R.P. for Schenley, and Al Smith asked him to officiate for the entire building. Hennessy is called Chief by all his colleagues, and with reason. He was in the Police Department for twenty-eight years, finally rising to the rank of deputy chief inspector. He wrote the Department's Book of Rules and its Manual of Procedure, and he was known as the best man on the force at handling large crowds. All in all, a handy man in an air raid, God forbid.

To add to Hennessy's responsibilities, any number of people directly concerned with the war effort work in the Empire State Building—employees of the USO, the Bureau of Internal Revenue, the OPA, and the invaluable du Ponts. To protect this galaxy of war-like talents, Hennessy enlisted twelve hundred volunteer workers, providing them with big, round identification shields showing their relative ranks—Floor Director, Assistant Floor Director, Group Captain, Monitor, and so on. The fire-alarm bells have been stepped up in volume, so that nobody can possibly miss them, and will serve as the alert signal. On each floor, in the porters' room, are the conventional pails of sand, long-handled shovels, etc. Five fire-fighting outfits, each including two asbestos suits, have been laid in; these are mobile enough to travel by elevator. The construction is fireproof, of course, but office furnishings can start quite a brisk fire. Incidentally, Hennessy's squads are not to be confused with the members of the American Legion who maintain an airplane-spotting post on the observatory floor.

The Chief's opinion is that New York won't ever have to go through what London has, but that we'll be bombed once or twice, for luck. He's more scared of panic than he is of bombs. He remembers once, when a thunderstorm came up unexpectedly, five people were killed and sixty-odd injured at the Yankee Stadium by bleacher customers scrambling for shelter; he doesn't intend to permit anything like that to happen in the Empire State and to that end has instructed all his subordinates to repeat "Take it easy, take it easy" to the tenants in case of a real raid. "Take it easy" always works like a charm on a jittery crowd, although the Chief doesn't know exactly why. Surprise alarms are held at the Empire State every week, and the tenants are now old hands at putting their papers away, opening the windows, drawing the blinds, and filing to their safety stations in the corridors. He staged a surprise alarm while we were there and it was all over in seven minutes.

Question

A SOLDIER off to the wars paid a final call on his dowager aunt the other afternoon. With him he had



three or four packages containing a few little toilet articles he had purchased at the last minute and, proud of his foresight, he brought them out and showed them to her.

"And this," he said, coming to the last, "is extra razor blades and Foot-Ease."

"How nice," said the old lady, but there was a shadow of perplexity on her face.

"Just what *are* footies, dear?" she asked timidly, at length.

Out of Gas

WE slid under the wire in the registration for gasoline rationing, getting our A card an hour before P.S. 6 closed its doors last Thursday evening. Afterward we hung around to talk to Mr. Bernard Colten, principal of P.S. 6 and ex-officio director of registration in his district. Mr. Colten looks like a school principal, but he couldn't scare us at our age. We found him elated because his staff of registrars hadn't been swamped that day by people anxious to return X or fill-'er-up cards after they'd read in the papers that the government was going to crack down on those who misrepresented things. He pointed to a table at which no one was sitting. "My trouble table, for exchanges," he said proudly. "It's empty because we didn't give out X cards indiscriminately." We were able to observe him in action, not giving out an X card. The nonrecipient in this case was a businessman who had appealed the decision of one of the registrars. Mr. Colten gave him a B-3 card and advised him to appeal to the rationing board. John F. Curry, the old Tammany leader, came in while we were there, looking florid and healthy in a double-breasted gray suit and gray fedora. He moseyed over to the A table, registered, and got a card entitling him to three gallons a week. "You don't use your car for business at all?" the girl who registered him asked. "Not any more," Mr. Curry said.

Mr. Colten said he thought his staff had issued about twenty-four hundred cards, fifteen hundred of them after some kind of argument. While we stood by, he engaged in a typical argument with a highly perfumed lady who wanted an X card just because she wanted it. "We have hundreds of cases like this, Madam," he said. "We have no discretion. We're bound by rules. Take it up with your rationing board." Most women, we noticed, gravitated in-

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stinctively toward the table where X cards were to be had. There was a lady in a Lilly Daché hat, who said, "I deliver things in my car—lampshades and things. So it's really for business, isn't it?" She got one of the B cards, oddly enough. The strangest request that had come in for X cards, Mr. Colten told us, was from a doctor, who wanted them for a batch of his patients, those with partial paralysis, coronary thrombosis, and the like. He didn't get them. Being an undertaker didn't, in Mr. Colten's opinion, entitle a man to an X card; he had to prove that he drove a hearse. In the rear of the hall hung a big, hand-lettered sign reading "PRIVATE CONVENIENCE MUST YIELD TO PUBLIC NECESSITY." "That sign has saved me a lot of arguments," Mr. Colten said.

Serious Reading

A HARVARD lad writes in to say that as he was leaving a lecture at the Fogg Museum in Cambridge he saw in a USO book-collection box a handsome, weighty tome entitled "Who's Who Along the North Shore, or A Register of the Interesting, Fashionable, and Wealthy Residents on the North Shore of Massachusetts Bay for the Summer of 1920."

Fly Tier

HAVING been advised several times by fishermen that the name of Mrs. Elizabeth Greig is one to conjure with in trout circles, we decided to interview the lady. Mrs. Greig's claim to distinction, it seems, is that she is the fastest trout-fly tier in the nation; for instance, she can whip together the ingredients of a Royal Coachman—duck quills, rooster feathers, silk floss, and neck feathers from a Chinese golden pheasant—in one minute flat. It would take an amateur fifteen or twenty minutes. We found Mrs. Greig at the Angler's Roost, a shop on the north bank of Forty-third Street which handles her creations. She's a bonny young Scottish woman, with a pronounced burr. "I'm a fly tier," she told us, right off. "Not a tie tier, a tie flier, or a fly flier." This confusion, it appears, has followed her ever since, at the age of fourteen, she went to work as an apprentice fly tier in Edinburgh. In Scotland, fly tying is an aristocratic calling, ranking a couple of notches above being a C.P.A. and a hair below being an earl. Girls prosper in the trade because they're better than men at the finicking and delicate movements necessary to get a fly just exactly right. Mrs. Greig served a four-year apprenticeship, which is customary—a year on ordinary bait hooks, two on wet and dry flies of increasing complexity, and a final year on salmon flies, the trickiest of all.

Chatting with Mrs. Greig and the proprietor of the Angler's Roost, a Mr. Deren, we gathered that fly fishermen are still going their individualistic ways, conducting elaborate searches for the exact bit of material to counterfeit the insect in vogue among fish at the moment. One genius they told us of caught a whole string of fish with a little gauze from a Band-Aid. He just

"The one I'm with is certainly a cluck. He don't know where he's been, or where he's going, or anything."

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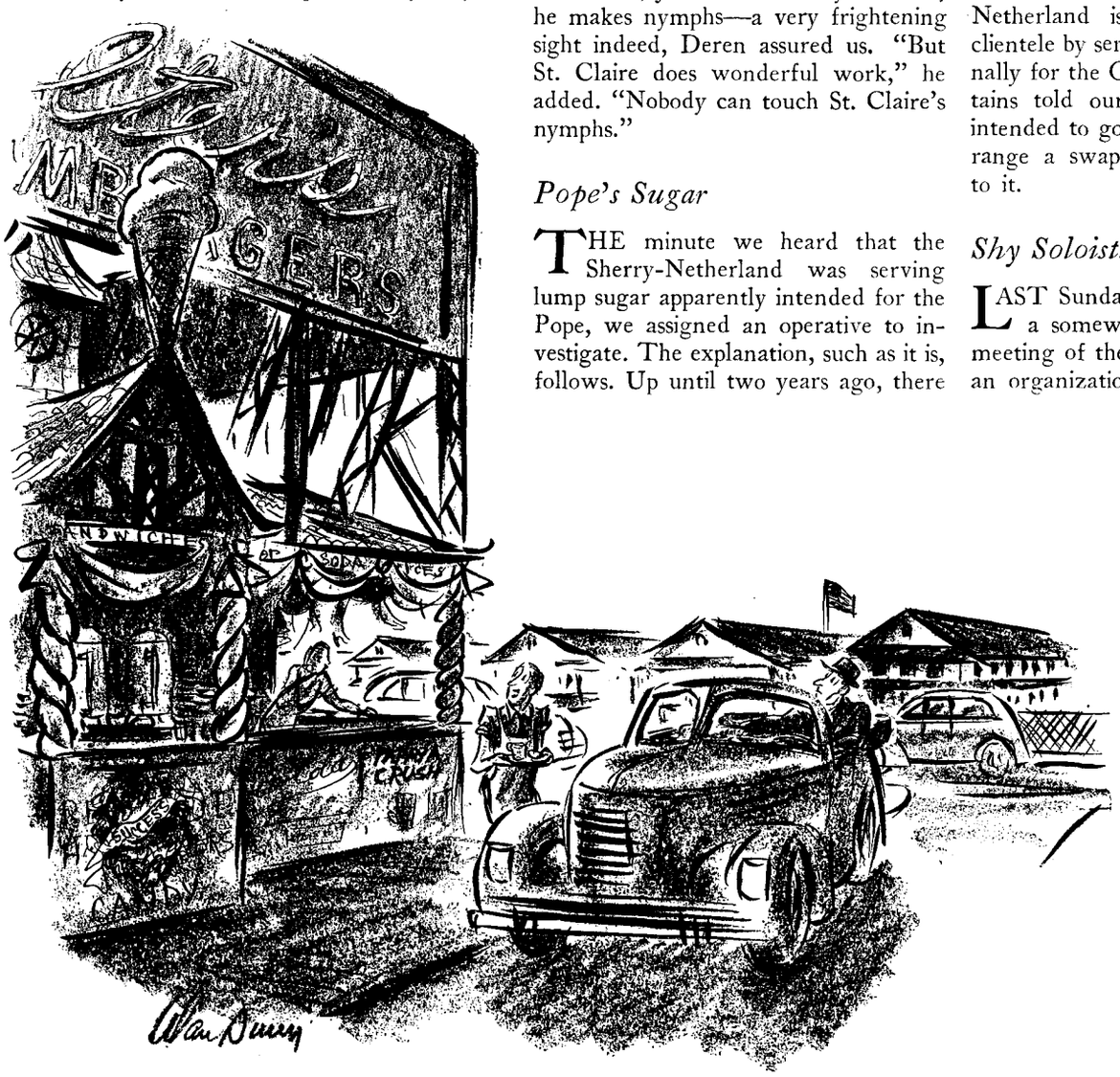
happened to notice that the trout were enthusiastically eating a small grub that to him had an unmistakable look of Band-Aid gauze about it. This sort of discovery will probably overcome the shortage, inevitably on its way, of the standard flystuffs; for instance, feathers from the Chinese mandarin wood duck, the Indian jungle cock, the South American macaw, the African kingfisher, and the Hungarian grouse.

Mrs. Greig told us that she didn't consider tying a Royal Coachman in a minute a particularly difficult feat; for real intricacy, she thinks salmon flies are the only ones worth mentioning—one of them is made of twenty different kinds of feathers. Most amateurs, when tying something of this magnitude, put the hook in a small vise, but Mrs. Greig considers the vise more trouble than it's worth and just uses both hands. It isn't as if the people who buy her flies were particularly easy to please, either. Some of them arrive with micrometers and reject equipment that differs as little as a thousandth of an inch from what they consider ideal. One man refused to buy a fly just because the thread that bound it to the hook was wound counter-clockwise instead of clockwise.

Mr. Deren has four or five specialists who work for him on a piecework basis, possibly the most interesting among them being a man named Erne St. Claire, who does Deren's nymphs (a nymph is a trout fly in the larval state). He's an entertainer with Ted Lewis's orchestra, his act consisting of putting on a horror makeup—dead-white complexion with putty bumps, wig, and false teeth—and doing a sort of beauty-and-the-beast dance with a lady stooge from the audience. It takes St. Claire a full hour to make up, and he can't take his makeup off between shows. So, just to while away the time, he makes nymphs—a very frightening sight indeed, Deren assured us. "But St. Claire does wonderful work," he added. "Nobody can touch St. Claire's nymphs."



"Yes, sir, it's hard to believe that six months ago it was just a blueprint."

Pope's Sugar

THE minute we heard that the Sherry-Netherland was serving lump sugar apparently intended for the Pope, we assigned an operative to investigate. The explanation, such as it is, follows. Up until two years ago, there was a prosperous Italian grocery importer down on Fourteenth Street whose pious custom it was to send semi-annual gifts of lump sugar to His Holiness. The wrappers bore the crest of the Vatican City and the words "Città del Vaticano." Well, when Italian-American relations began to curdle, our importer wound up his business and returned to the Ould Sod, leaving the American Sugar Refining Company holding the bag with a large number of wrappers printed in advance. Lately, with the threat of a paper shortage in the air, the company has been using all its available wrappers, no matter what was printed on them. Customers have been understanding about this, and in the case of the Sherry-Netherland gleeful. The management passed out the papal lumps as a sort of vintage proposition and glowed as the patrons snatched them for souvenirs. At the moment the Sherry-Netherland is further impressing its clientele by serving sugar destined originally for the Gotham. One of the captains told our man the steward had intended to go down the street and arrange a swap but hadn't got around to it.

Shy Soloists

LAST Sunday afternoon we attended a somewhat different musicale, a meeting of the Society of Timid Souls, an organization of musicians suffering from stagefright who meet, as has been officially outlined, "to play, criticize, and be criticized in order to conquer the old bogey of stagefright." The gatherings are held twice a week in the studio of Bernard Gabriel, concert pianist and teacher, who takes charge of them with a high hand, using, in his own words, "strange and devious means in especially stubborn cases." We turned up at the proper hour and were taken in tow by Mr. Gabriel himself, a genial young Coloradan. He told us that last January he got the idea of banding together stagefright victims and held his first meeting that month. Four ner-

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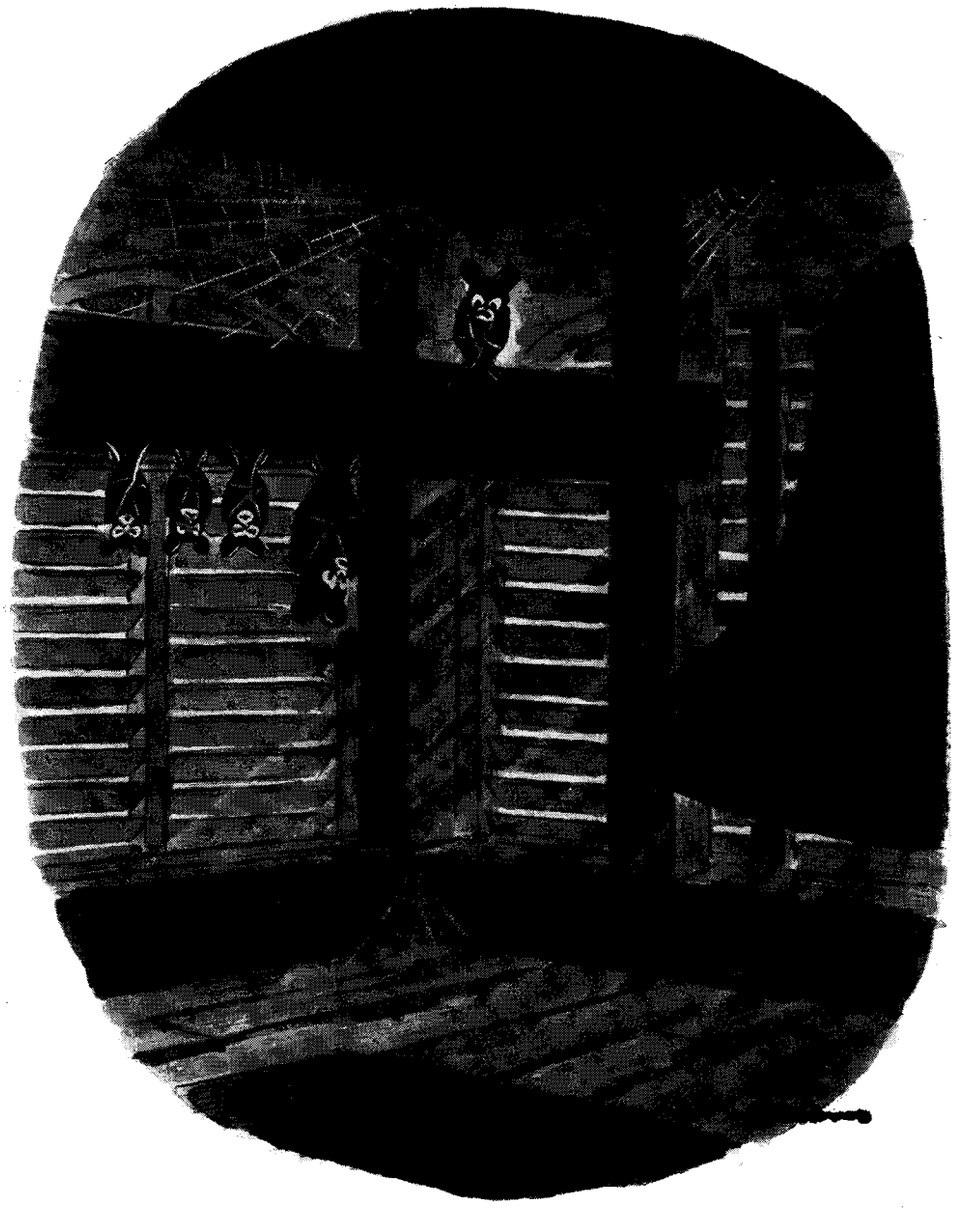
vous pianists attended. The thing grew, and now the average attendance is in the twenties, all pianists. They pay seventy-five cents each, which includes criticism and refreshments.

When nineteen people of assorted ages and sexes had filed into the studio, shying away from Mr. Gabriel's two Steinways, he called the meeting to order. After a brief lecture in which were mentioned the things that cause stagefright (noise or the absence of noise, fear of criticism, fear of boring the audience, fear of loss of memory) and great musicians who suffered from it (Paderewski did), Mr. Gabriel called on Miss Judith Cohen, who led off by playing Chopin's "Polonaise Militaire." Mr. William Hopkins, a gray-haired gentleman from Jackson Heights, was next. "I'm old enough to know better, and I'm scared to death," he gasped, just before disappearing into a Respighi nocturne. Mr. Gabriel whispered to us that Mr. Hopkins' was an instance of remarkable improvement. "Five weeks ago he couldn't play four consecutive notes in front of a cigar-store Indian," Mr. Gabriel said. So it went with all the Timid Souls, from Mrs. Moeller, who couldn't play when everybody was quiet, to Miss Simson, who had stagefright to such an extent that she got nervous when other people played. By way of a soothing interlude, a youth named Beverly Carr, a student at the Institute of Musical Art, and not a Timid Soul, played some Schumann.

We had to wait for the last soloist to see Mr. Gabriel's strange and devious methods in effect. The Timid Soul in question was Miss Flora Cantwell, a pupil of Mr. Gabriel's, who, though she had already given recitals, still suffered from stagefright. "This afternoon I'm going to kill or cure her," Mr. Gabriel announced quietly to us. Miss Cantwell launched into an étude, which didn't go so well. While she was playing, Mr. Gabriel, a conspiratorial look on his face, passed through the audience, handing out whistles and rattles and whispering in people's ears. Miss Cantwell finished her étude and Mr. Gabriel said, "Again." The moment she started, pandemonium, or a reasonable facsimile of it, broke loose. Miss Simson blew Bronx cheers on a rubber Bronx-cheer blower. Mr. Carr whirled a watchman's rattle. Miss Cohen sang "Day Dreams Come True at Night." Mr. Hopkins feverishly slammed the door and Mrs. Moeller hurled the Manhattan Telephone Directory on the floor. Miss Cantwell plowed ahead, with Mr. Gabriel banging the keyboard of the piano not in use, shouting, "You're playing abominably, but don't stop!" She didn't, either. She concluded and remarked happily, "I could play it in a boiler factory now." Then the meeting broke up.

Organizing the Timid Souls isn't the only unusual thing Mr. Gabriel has done in the musical world. Once he gave a recital of pieces by seven men named Bach: *the* Bach, four of his sons, one nephew, and an uncle. Another recital was announced as being devoted to "The Amorous in Music." This brought Mr. Gabriel a telephone call from one of the Minsky brothers. "What are you going to play?" this Minsky asked, with breathless interest. "Oh, Liebeslieds, Liebestods, Liebestraums, Liebesfreuds," Gabriel said. "Any of them arranged for pit orchestra?" Minsky wanted to know. Gabriel said no, and Minsky said goodbye, his interest gone; didn't even come to the recital, as far as Gabriel knows.



"I tell you, Mamma, the blood keeps going to my head."

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Ordeal

A LADY tottered into the Ritz at sundown, sat down with some people who had been waiting for her, and ordered a double Scotch. There was a little polite raising of eyebrows, and she explained, "I had a defeatist taxi-driver."

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THEY ARE NOT GONE

IN the men's bar of the Ship Hotel at Grimsby, Englishmen speak to other Englishmen after less than five drinks. This is a tribute to Grimsby's genius, which is bacchic and maritime in equal parts. Grimsby sent ships to the fleet of King John and still sends its ships to the wars with Grimsby skippers and Grimsby crews, eked out, it is true, by a supplement of fellows from other parts of England, whom Grimsby men refer to impartially as "they dommed farmers." The farmers drown as competently as the Grimsby men, but they cause them a lot of vexation in the interim. In the Ship bar one may meet fifty-year-old sublieutenants of the Royal Navy (Reserve, naturally) who have tattooed fists and unbutton their uniform jackets to allow room for beer. They are not quite gentlemen, of course, any more than middle-aged Lieutenant James Cook was a gentleman when he sailed to find a continent. The gentlemen lose the continents. The sublieutenants come ashore from mine-sweepers and patrol boats that used to be trawlers. Only the very old boats with maimed or ancient skippers fish now. As for the convivial part of the Grimsby tradition, Sir Fretcheville Hollis, a Parliament man for Grimsby, told Samuel Pepys in 1667 that to win an election there he had to spend £352 for beer. Pepys set this down as a "devilish lie," but Pepys was no Grimsby man. Under the combined influence of Grimsby beer and Grimsby informality, even pink-cheeked and well-turned-out young officers off destroyers, wearing the R.N. loop on their sleeves, become relatively effusive. They say "Beastly weathah we ah having" to men to whom they have never been introduced. Since ships bigger than destroyers seldom come to Grimsby, the town is relaxingly free of officers of senior grade.

THE highest-ranking officer in the bar as I entered one evening was a lieutenant commander named Armstrong, whom I had met at the naval base, where I had been getting material for a story. He was a big man who looked to be about forty but must have been a good deal older than that, because he had once told me that he had been in sail in 1904. He had fought in the other war and then been a captain in the merchant marine and then retired, and now he was in service again. Armstrong was a kind of patrol-boat admiral. He had under his command at least a dozen converted fishing boats, of about two hundred tons each, carrying crews of thirty men.

Most of the patrons of the Ship get their drinks at the bar and then carry them to the long wooden tables. Armstrong was at a table with a pint of the local brew in front of him and he motioned me to come and sit beside him. I got my beer and joined him. "One of my fellows had a do with a German plane," he said, by way of beginning. "Plane was attacking some fishing boats and my fellow went to help. Between all of them they shot the plane down, but they're rowing about who did it. Fishermen say they did; my chaps say they did, naturally. One fishing boat sank. A bomb dropped close to her and she just came apart. My fellow said that the bomb hit the water and the next thing he thought he heard was a burst of machine-gun fire. 'But it wasn't machine-gun fire,' he said. 'It was her rivets popping out so fast it just sounded like machine-gun fire.' All of her crew were saved. I thought you'd like that description. Same chap once told me he'd seen a trawler bombed and she went so high he could see the top of a nearby lighthouse under her keel. And two sea gulls over the lighthouse, he said." I said something about wishing the fellow would write a book. Armstrong said, "I once had one chap who did. Well, it wasn't a book exactly, but a diary, anyway." I got up and brought another round of beer.

"You know how it is in our boats," Armstrong said when I had sat down again. "The chap in command gets lonely. When the ship is fishing, most of the space in her hull is used for a fish hold. The men all muck in together, eating and sleeping in the smallest possible space, and the skipper mucks in with everyone else. They don't mind that, because they're on shares and the more fish they carry the more money they get. But when we take the boat over for the Navy we convert the fish hold into quarters for the crew. The skipper has a cabin forward, and since he's the only commissioned officer aboard, he can't eat with the rest. He has to take his meals alone, and the others say 'Sir' to him. That makes him moody and sometimes inclines him to drink. Spirits are tax-free in the Navy, as you probably know, and that is a temptation. Then he begins to brood about the new chaps in the crew. It would be splendid if we could man our boats a hundred per cent with fishermen, but it's impossible. A fishing boat carries a crew of thirteen, but when she goes to the Navy she needs thirty—gunners and fellows to handle mines and all that. And some of the new men have never been to sea. This chap who wrote the diary didn't drink heavily. The writing was his outlet. I came across it when I was going through his effects, poor chap. He copped it in a fight with some motor torpedo boats. A one-pound shell took half of his head off. I sent the diary, along with the rest of his things, to the widow, but I couldn't help copying a few entries."

Armstrong reached inside his jacket and brought out a typewritten page, which he passed to me. These were the entries:

Dec. 11. Coventry, London, Manchester. Ow I wish I could come up with a Jerry plane. I would show them. Today my steward put my knife spoon and fork in bucket of water to wash then forgot they were there chooked water overboard with them in it. I could of chooked im overboard too.

Dec. 16. I of a fine crew. One chap that worked in sweetshop. One bus conductor. One building workman. Two married men that of never been to sea.

What a bloody sample.

Dec. 21. I told cook to make rice pud. Late in day rice floating on galley floor he put about ½ a stone of rice in boiling water nice pud.

January 6. Today men grappled German mine were bringing it over side but not fast enough. I leaned over side and seized cable to help. Opened my mouth to give order and upper and lower plates fell out.

They are not gone. I know where they are.

"Do you know," Armstrong said, "something about that last entry makes me rather sad. So many Grimsby lads, you know."

"Yes," I said. "I get it. We know where they are." —A. J. LIEBLING

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"Of course people live like that! I live like that myself."

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5135 KENSINGTON

MAY, 1904

THE miracle of the World's Fair in St. Louis, rising as it did out of the wilderness, stunned everyone. It seemed impossible that only two years before Governor Francis of Missouri had driven in the first stake with a silver axe while crowds walking through the briers and coarse grass to witness the ceremony carried heavy sticks to protect themselves from snakes. The enthusiasm of the press was unlimited, and verses appeared daily in the newspapers:

The greatest show that ever showed
Will rise beside the Skinker Road.

The buildings were elegant and formal and were constructed in the approved palatial style. There was no thought of dynamic expression or crude force in back of anything. The force was refined. There were no statues of workmen adorning the buildings, no bits of machinery were glorified in the exhibits. Greek goddesses, classic and beautiful, presided over the domes. The savages—the Igorot, the Moros, the Bagobos, and the Fiji Islanders—had been brought there to be stared at and not to be educated. And bandstands were everywhere. Bands from Bolivia, Honduras, Colombia, dressed in green, yellow, and scarlet. The Philippine constabulary ranged over the place. There seemed to be millions of them—small brown men in uniform, constantly hurrying. And the grounds were filled with girls—girls in the daytime in linen skirts and bolero jackets, pink, blue, yellow, and lavender, in white embroidered hats and bows to match their suits; girls in the evening in flowered organdies, who danced in the various state buildings with West Point cadets or laughed, looked on, and ate chicken salads at Mrs. Rohrer's. To the people of St. Louis, the Fair was complete, perfect. It was the cream of everything in the world. There was nothing better to come. Only the visitors complained of the mud, and the West Point Year Book ran a verse:

Ach, St. Louis,
Ach, St. Louis,
Your name's mud,
Thick and gooey.

After the opening the cultural excitement died down somewhat and people began to enjoy the Fair. They paid high prices for things and boasted about it, and what they got free they enjoyed and were silent about.

"My, it's a beautiful day. Print me up a ticket to the ball game, Joe."

A FEW weeks after the Fair had opened the Smith family sat at the breakfast table. It was Saturday, and they talked excitedly. "Tootie and Agnes can go with Grandpa," Mrs. Smith said. "The girls and Lon can go along with their friends. And Papa and I will get off when we can. I think it's too much to go all together."

"I don't want to go with Tootie," Agnes said. "She hasn't any interest in it, really. She wants to stay on the Pike all the time or ride on the camels."

"I would just as soon stay home and play," Tootie said mildly. "Helen Ferris and I made a discovery yesterday. We discovered that if we start at the top of Union Hill just when we hear the brewery horses driving through the alley halfway down, we can skate right under their noses when they come out into the street."

Agnes put down her spoon. "You're a horrible girl, Tootie Smith," she said. "You might run right into those horses and hurt them."

Tootie drank her cocoa from a saucer. "We never hit them. We didn't hit them at all," she said.

"You'll go with your grandfather," Mrs. Smith said to Tootie. "I'm not going to have you carried home on a stretcher when there's no one here to take care of you."

"Then I'll go with Corinne," Agnes said. "We've decided that we'll call it the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, which it really is, instead of the World's Fair. We think World's Fair doesn't sound as nice."

"Well, Rose and I are going to see the Princeton track team with Lon," Esther said. "Just think of the bad luck! If Lon weren't a freshman, he'd probably have been running in front of all those people."

"Maybe," Lon said. "By the way, Agnes, Bob Harris was asking for you yesterday."

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"Bob Harris!" Agnes gasped. "He never was!"

Rose raised her eyes. "Who on earth is Bob Harris?" she asked.

"He's a member of the Kwakiutl tribe of Vancouver Island," Agnes answered loftily. "His real name is Klakoglas, and it means 'Man Who Has Copper.' I met him for the first time day before yesterday. He's not as good-looking as Charles James Nowell. He's a member of the tribe, too. But Bob Harris is the friendliest."

"Didn't anybody ask for me?" Tootie said.

Lon frowned and nodded. "I heard Bulon, the chief of the Bagobos, mentioning your name," he said. "He was sharpening an ugly-looking knife and the rest of the Bagobos were dancing around, swinging their bolos and beating tom-toms. I wouldn't go near him today if I were you. He's getting ugly."

"I didn't do a thing to him," Tootie said. "And he has beautiful hair three feet long."

Mrs. Smith got up from the table. "Well," she said, "suppose we all meet by the steps at Festival Hall at nine this evening. Then we can see the lights, and then Papa and I, the children, and Grandpa can come home. Lon, you see that the girls are all right."

"They'll be all right," Lon said.

"Corinne and I are going to look at the paintings," Agnes said, "and then we're going to spend the rest of our time in the Liberal Arts Building." She got up and left the table, the skirt of her black-and-white plaid jumper dress swishing from side to side.

Rose walked to the window and stood looking out across the side yard. The weeping birch was in full leaf and the snowball bush was in bloom. "A day like today is divine," she said. "I feel absolutely scintillating."

"Well, scintillate yourself upstairs and get ready," Lon said.

Esther stood up and put her arm lightly around Lon's shoulder. "Lon," she said sweetly, "do you mind if Ida Boothby comes along with us? You know how Rose is! She'll be snapped up right off the bat by a crowd of West Pointers, especially Douglas Moore. And they consider us too *young*. So if you'll just stay with us until maybe we meet someone we know, that's all we'll ask."

"Who is Ida Boothby?" Lon asked.

"She's a girl Esther met," Rose said. "She's from Joplin, Missouri. She's a nice little thing. Her folks are down for the Fair."

"There's something wrong, Operator. I'm connected with an interceptor squadron over Great South Bay."

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"She's not pretty, exactly," Esther said, "but she's real cute. She's staying with the Dodges, and we can stop by on our way to the trolley and pick her up."

"All right," Lon said. "Hurry up."

He stepped out onto the back porch. The air was soft and the sun was already beating down. There wasn't a cloud in the sky. Lon took his pipe out of his pocket, filled and lit it. The smoke curled around him in the still air and finally disappeared. He thought of the summer that lay ahead, of the long, hot evenings and the thunderstorms that sometimes flashed and cracked for an hour before the hot rain fell, and subsided, leaving the city steaming and torrid. He supposed Rose would be taken up with her new West Point beau and there wouldn't be so many evenings spent around the piano as there had been. Since he had got home from Princeton he hadn't touched his mandolin once. He turned and went back into the house and into the front hall, where his mandolin case stood in the corner by the piano. He opened the case, took the mandolin out, and picked at the strings. The instrument was out of tune, and he held it near his ear, turning the keys and touching each string with his tortoiseshell pick. Then he put the mandolin back in the case.

It was cool and quiet in the hall. The front door stood open and a yellow butterfly fluttered outside the screen. The leaves of the honeysuckle vine had opened and there were a few flowers on the vine. The sun, striking the wooden steps, was almost blinding. Katie had turned the hose on the porch earlier in the day, but now it was almost dry, and small pools of water stood only where the steps sagged in the middle. The iceman's wagon had stopped next door and the horse stamped his hoofs on the brick street and twitched his tail impatiently at the flies. Down the block, Lon could hear the sound of roller skates and the strawberry man's voice as he called, "Strawberries, nice strawberries." He listened to the chant of five notes and hummed them to himself. Although it was only May, he thought the street smelled of summer,

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of fruit, watermelon, and cool cucumbers. It was a smell that made him homesick, even as he stood there. He wondered what they would do at the Fair that day before and after the track meet. All the girls in town would be at the track meet, and their eyes would be worshipping. They worshipped anything, he thought. Rose and her friends considered it a disgrace to be without a West Point escort, although they pretended to be excited over the fact that so many of the boys they had known all winter were working in the concessions at the Fair. He turned away from the door and called up the stairs, "Get a move on!"

Esther and Rose came down the stairs. They were pretty, and their clothes were clean and starched. Rose wore a deep-pink linen skirt, a white blouse under her jacket, and a white hat trimmed with a pink bow. Esther wore a white skirt with a red belt, and she had a red bow in her hat. They smelled of violets.

Lon took his hat from the hatrack and followed his sisters down the porch steps. Walking along the sidewalk with the girls fluttering at his side, he felt dull and apathetic. As they neared the Dodges' house they heard the sound of a piano.

"That's Ida," Esther said. "She plays some. She sings too. She sings very well."

"She doesn't sing anywhere nearly as well as you do, Ess," Rose said. "Her voice isn't as high. She sings a good alto, though."

They stopped in front of the house to listen. The Dodges' porch looked different, Lon thought. Someone had run a blue ribbon through the back of one of the wicker rockers, and by the side of the rocker there was a guitar tied with a large blue bow.

"Ida!" Esther called. "Sing it!"

"All right!" Ida called back. She began to sing "Nut-Brown Maiden." Her voice was low and true.

As she started to sing the second verse, Lon stepped up onto the porch and sang through the screen door a parody of the song:

Nut-brown maiden, I love thy pearly, pearly teeth.
Nut-brown maiden, I love thy pearly teeth.
Thy pearly teeth are false, love,
They rattle when you waltz, love.
Nut-brown maiden, I love thy pearly teeth.

Ida swung around on the piano stool and stared at him through the screen door, humming the tune with him. She saw a thin young man with light-brown hair. When the song was finished she came to the screen door and opened it. As she stood there with the sun shining on her, Lon thought he had never seen a prettier girl. She was small and brown-skinned and her hair was brown, without a trace of red in it.

"This is my brother, Lon," Esther said. "Lon, I want you to meet my friend, Miss Boothby."

Ida Boothby smiled and nodded her head. "I've never heard *that* version," she said to Lon. "I don't think those are very nice words for such a pretty song." She moved away from the door, and in a few minutes she was back, holding her hat in her hand. She wore a brown linen skirt but no coat, and the hat she carried was made of brown leghorn with brown velvet ribbons. "I'll put it on when I get there," she said. "In Joplin we don't go in for hats much."

They started down the street to the trolley. Lon walked in front with Rose, and Esther and Ida trailed along behind. "She's a sweet little thing," Rose said.

"She's just a kid," Lon said. "She looks younger than Ess."

"That's just her way," Rose said. "She's no *younger*. As a matter of fact, I think she's older."

On the trolley, Rose sat down near the window and motioned to Esther to sit beside her. As the car started, Ida lurched to the side and Lon caught her by the arm. They laughed and moved to a seat nearer the front. The window was open, and Ida leaned back and let the wind blow through her hair. Her hair was short and curly and was caught into a knot at the top of her head. "I'm disgracefully tanned," she said.

"What of it?" Lon said. "The girls here are scared of a little tan. You look all right tanned. You look like a pecan."

"Esther tells me you are a Princeton man," she said.

Lon blushed. "What's your favorite college?" he asked.

She glanced at him through her lashes. "Princeton," she said.

AT the fairgrounds, they made their way through the crowds to the Plaza of St. Louis, where Rose had promised to meet Douglas Moore. Ida walked beside Lon. It was cool at the Plaza and the mist from the fountains blew into her face. She stood back from the Lagoon and looked up at the statue of St. Louis mounted on a Norman horse. The statue guarded the gates to the great central plaza of the exposition, and St. Louis held high the cross hilt of his sword. Nearby were equestrian statues of Joliet and De Soto. The four young people breathed in the cool air.

"Here he is," Rose said. "Here's Mr. Moore. He's got somebody with him."

Esther looked at her sister, suspicion in her eyes. "If you—" she began.

"I didn't say a word, I assure you," Rose said.

The two young men were out of breath. "Good morning, Miss Smith," Douglas Moore said to Rose. "I hope we haven't kept you waiting. We've been parading and it held us up. Miss Smith, I'd like you to meet my brother, John. He's not a West Pointer now, but he will be in the fall."

John Moore was smaller than his brother and very blond. He glanced admiringly at Rose, but it was plain that his real interest lay in the two younger girls. He looked Ida Boothby over and, seeing that she was standing close to Lon, discarded her and turned to Esther, pleased and excited. "I hoped you were going to turn out to be the one," he said.

The girls screamed, and Ida Boothby

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called out, "Well, I like that, I must say!"

Rose gave a last little laugh and fanned her face with her handkerchief. "Now, suppose we decide what to do," she said.

"Well, if Miss Esther doesn't mind, it's Asia for me," John Moore said.

"Oh, I adore Asia," Esther said. "And I've never ridden on the camels."

"*I* would like to stroll around," Rose said. "And then maybe have some Scotch scones."

"I think it would be nice to see *all* the state buildings," Ida Boothby said. "I haven't been in one of them."

"All right," Douglas Moore said. "We'll make it this way. I'll stroll with Miss Smith. And John and Esther and Lon and Miss Boothby can do what they want to do. And if we don't meet at the track meet, where can we meet?"

"Well, we promised our family that we would meet them at nine by Festival Hall," Rose said. "Of course, nine is awfully long, and we may get tired of one another."

They laughed hilariously at this and started out across the Plaza.

TOOTIE skipped by Grandpa Prophater's side. "Let's see the Galveston Flood again, shall we?" she asked. "Let's see it as many times as we can and then go on to the Pike." She shifted a handful of spun sugar from one hand to the other and looked up at him. "We're really right by the Galveston Flood," she said.

Grandpa Prophater looked toward the building, which had "GALVESTON FLOOD" in large letters across the front, and sighed. He bought two tickets. Then he put his hand in his pocket, rattling his loose change, and walked through the archway, holding Tootie by one sticky hand. They sat down and waited for the theatre to grow dark. Tootie sat forward on her seat, her eyes staring fixedly at the cur-

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tain. "How much did it cost to make this?" she asked.

"A lot of money," Grandpa Prophater said. "About fifty or sixty thousand dollars."

"Golly!" Tootie said.

The house grew dark and the curtain rose. In the foreground there were grass, trees, and fences, and in back of these was a miniature representation of the city of Galveston and the Galveston beach. The beach had real water washing upon it, and farther out to sea the waves rolled. Boats moved in and out of the harbor. Little streetcars ran along the streets and trains ran across the trestlework spanning Galveston Bay. The day closed with wonderful cloud effects and the sunset a blazing track across the ocean. As the sunlight faded, Tootie gripped her grandfather's arm. "Here it comes now!" she whispered. "Here it comes! Here's where the storm begins." The dark clouds gathered and the gale began. The water rose and the waves increased in size until the water filled the streets. The fury of the storm grew until a mist enveloped the whole city and a dreadful roaring sound filled the air. Suddenly the rain stopped and the waves rolled back. Ships lay strewn on the beach and the city was shown in ruins. The stage grew dark again, and then the new Galveston was revealed, salvaged and rebuilt after the disaster.

Tootie stood up. "I don't like it when the city gets all fixed again," she said. "I like it when it's flooded and horrible."

"You wouldn't like it if you were there," Grandpa Prophater said. He snorted and looked down at her as she wriggled through the crowds like an eel. "At that," he added, "you might like it. You'd probably live through it, too."

"Now the Pike?" she asked.

He took a worn five-dollar bill from his pocket. "Now the Pike," he said. He spoke with an air of happy anticipation.

AGNES and Corinne stood in front of a painting of Mary Magdalene in the Palace of Arts. "I'm tired," Corinne said. "And I think we should have something to eat."

"Don't bother me when I'm taking notes," Agnes said. "That's the Cross of Jesus." She looked at the lovely arms of Mary Magdalene as she knelt at the foot of the Cross, and at her hands, which caressed the feet of her Saviour.

MEMORANDUM ON THE PARTS OF THE PAPER ONE GENERALLY SKIPS

I enjoy the parts of the paper one generally skips:
The arrival of buyers, the announcements of cut-rate trips,
The loading of freight cars, the renting of ten-room units
From Kendall, Sweeney & Boggs, or Arthrite & Kunitz.
I love the department which tells that a site has been sold
For a twelve-story building for dealers in jewels and gold;
How sweet to discover an agency's worldwide promotion
For a short cigarette and a non-stinging after-shave lotion;
Since death threatens all, be they humble or be they imperial,
It's relaxing to read of some stranger's arrangements funereal,
And of wills come to probate, and of tiny fortunes inherited
By family retainers whose luck, I am certain, is merited;
Early-afternoon programs for radio, and prospects for bettors,
The poems at the foot of the page, and excerpts from letters,
And the prices of carrots and endives and far rarer oddities
Listed in very small print in the columns on Trends in Commodities.
And the mind, war-distracted, discovers pacific assuagement
In the news of this débutante's bridal and that one's engagement.
It's a comfort to think, when the world has again become pleasant,
Our descendants will skip half these items, as we do at present.

—IRWIN EDMAN

• •

Corinne stood dumbly in front of the picture, and as Agnes turned away she repeated, "I do think we ought to eat."

"We'll eat as soon as we look at 'Beneath the Beech.' We have to stand in front of it for twenty minutes at least," Agnes said.

"We've stood in front of them all for twenty minutes," Corinne said.

"Do you want to come out of here with nothing?" Agnes asked. "Unless you stand twenty minutes in front of a work of art, you come out with nothing."

They moved toward the Belgian section of the Palace, and Agnes looked around until she found the painting she had been searching for. It showed a flock of sheep feeding in the shade of a huge beech tree. A shepherdess watched over the flock.

"Those don't look like leaves to me," Corinne said. "They look like blots of paint."

"You have to pretend they're leaves," Agnes said. "I can pretend easy. I never saw anyone who could pretend less than you. Even Tootie can see anything she wants to."

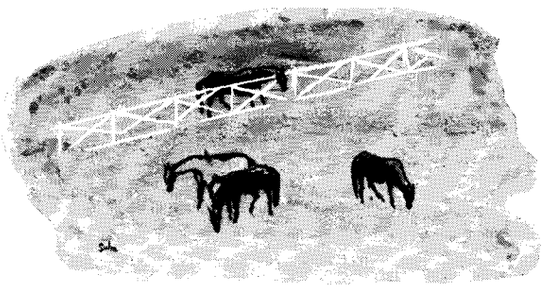
They stood in front of the painting for exactly twenty minutes by Agnes' small watch and then moved on.

IT was after nine when Mr. and Mrs. Smith got to Festival Hall. They had decided to stay home until after dinner and had taken the trolley to the fairgrounds in the cool of the evening. It was still twilight and the lights were not turned on. "I hope the children get here before the electricity begins," Mrs. Smith said. "It is almost ghostly to see it."

To their right they saw Grandpa Prophater and Tootie. Grandpa was walking slowly, but Tootie danced and skipped at his side. He walked up to his daughter and turned his pockets inside out. "Well, Annie," he said, "she cleaned me."

"Have you had any dinner?" Mrs. Smith asked.

"No," he said. "But we've had everything else. So don't ask me if I'm hungry. I never expect to be hungry again."



"We went in this place, Mamma," Tootie said, "this place on the Pike. There was a girl in there with a spangled dress that came to her knees. She had on a lot of ruffles, too. And she had her face all painted up to look pretty. We stayed and saw her three times."

"Father!" Mrs. Smith said.

Grandpa Prophater shrugged

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his shoulders. "I didn't want to stay," he said. "She was the one. She knows the whole act and all the words to the song."

"I do. That's right," Tootie said. "It's called 'Teasing.' It goes, 'Teasing, teasing, I was only teasing you.' I'm going to do it all for Lon. He'll like it."

Agnes came running along the cement path toward her mother. "Mamma!" she cried, breathless. "Guess what they have. It's the best you ever saw. I mean it's the best of them all. It's a black-and-white chicken and a red barn, and it might just as well be at Grandma's. I liked it much better than the odalisques. And I wrote down a beautiful description of it. It's by a man named Zorn. Just a black-and-white chicken. I suppose it was his favorite and he painted its portrait."

Mrs. Smith drew her arm around Agnes and pulled her close to her skirts. "You're tired," she said. "And where is Corinne?"

"Her!" Agnes exclaimed. "*She* got tired. She doesn't care anything about paintings. All she thinks is eat, eat, eat."

"Didn't you get a bite *anywhere?*" Mrs. Smith asked.

"I ate some ice cream," Agnes said. "I spent the rest of my money on postcards they sell at the Palace of Arts."

In couples, the rest of the family arrived, Lon with Ida, Rose with Douglas Moore, and Esther hanging onto John Moore's arm and laughing foolishly. They stood talking and laughing, waiting for the lights to go on.

Lon hummed "Nut-Brown Maiden" into Ida's ear, and she smiled. "But with the *right* words," she said.

"The right words," he repeated. He never remembered feeling half so happy before in his life. And he wondered that a girl as feminine as Ida would go to the Transportation Palace with him, a building that suggested a magnificent railroad terminal.

"Mamma," Rose said, "Mr. Moore has asked me to West Point next winter. Don't you think I might say yes?"

Mrs. Smith gave a sharp glance toward Mr. Moore. He was a nice-looking boy, she thought. "Ask your father, Rose," she said.

"I think it would be more than all right," John Moore said. "Especially if Miss Esther were allowed to come, too."

"Well—" Mrs. Smith began as tiny sparks of light outlined the Cascades, Festival Hall, and the Colonnade of States. Suddenly the outlines of the columns, the arches, and the great statues were obliterated entirely. The lights glowed in dull redness and expanded into whiteness. It was as though the picture had been rebuilt in a minute, not of substance but of light. The successive falls of the Cascades shone in the brilliance. The white lights faded out and from bottom to top, from end to end, the Festival Hall, the Colonnade, and the Pavilions stood out in carmine.

Everyone stopped talking, and Rose drew in her breath sharply. "There never has been anything like it in this world," she said. "There never will be."

Mr. Smith put his arm around his wife's waist and Tootie and Agnes clung to Grandpa Prophater. "And just think," Mrs. Smith said, her voice soft and awe-stricken. "It's all right here where we live."

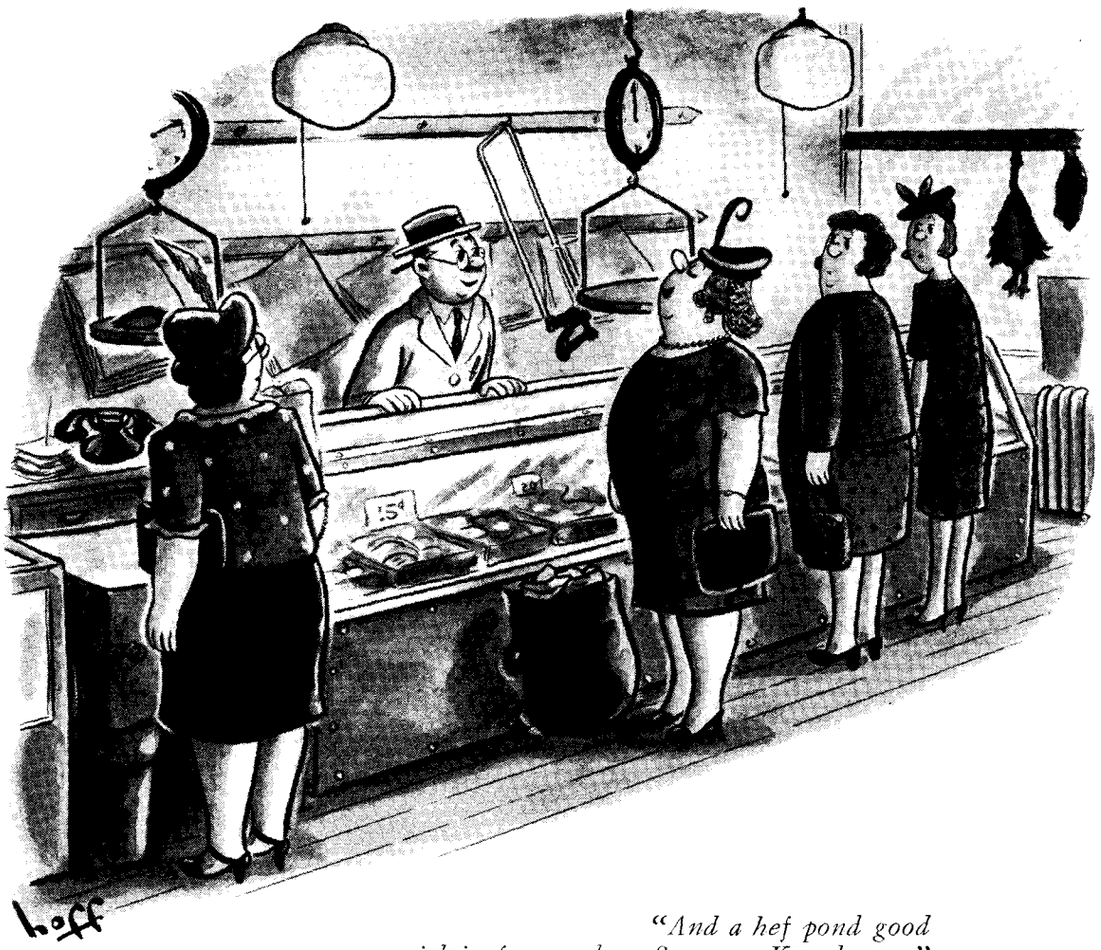
"Right by the old Skinker Road," Mr. Smith said.

"I remember when the road didn't amount to a hill of beans," Grandpa Prophater said.

"It's where we live," Agnes repeated. "We don't have to visit here. We don't have to come on a train, or stay at a hotel, or anything. They won't ever tear it down, will they?"

"No," Tootie said. "They will never tear it down. It will be like this forever."

"I can't believe it," Agnes said. "Right here where we live. Right here in St. Louis." —SALLY BENSON



"And a hef pond good sirloin for my boy, Sergeant Koppleman."

•

H.R.S. writes: Is it harmful to bathe a 2 months old baby in water reaching above the ears?—*Dr. Irving S. Cutter's column in the Chicago Tribune.*

No! Push it all the way under!

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PROFILES

FRIEND OF THE AVERAGE MAN

Louis I. Dublin

IT is a truism that professional statisticians are really a romantic breed, quite ready to believe in things which they have never seen and can never even hope to see. Like a credulous peasant finding evidence of an elfin gambol in the cobwebs that lie on the grass at dawn, an insurance-company statistician will, after poring over card-index files and doing sums on a calculating machine, come up with the bland announcement that he believes in a statistical elf whose life is directly ruled by completely predictable factors—whose length of life is affected by whether or not he gets married, for instance, or whose earning power varies in inverse ratio to the number of alcoholic drinks he consumes in a week. The "average man" of the actuarial tables may have no more concrete existence than the "good man" of theology, but, just as the theologian hopes and makes his plans for a world of good men, the statistician measures the failure of the men in his world by their deviations from the norm.

Dr. Louis I. Dublin (Ph.D., Columbia 1904), who is probably this country's leading manipulator of statistics, feels less strongly than most of us that life is unpredictable or full of surprises. Looking at any hale young man just out of college, Dr. Dublin would (if we were not at war) have no hesitation in predicting that this particular unit of humanity would get married at the age of twenty-five; if, when this man reached the age of forty-three, his income were more than two thousand a year, Dr. Dublin would be pleasantly surprised, but surprised all the same; and if the man died before the age of sixty-nine, Dr. Dublin would feel definitely let down. And so would Dublin's employers, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

The Metropolitan has sixteen vice-presidents. They are classified, roughly, as vice-presidents, second vice-presidents, and third vice-presidents, to say nothing of one fourth vice-president. Dr. Dublin is one of the third vice-presidents. His exact title is Third Vice-President and Statistician. Assisted by a staff of a hundred and forty lesser statisticians, draftsmen, research experts, checkers, and secretaries, and by a battery of furiously ingenious calculating machines, he investigates minutely the idiosyncrasies, incomes, allergies, susceptibilities, recuperative powers, medical history, and physical prospects of his fellow-men, with a view to increasing the life span of those insured with his employers. His salary of $26,000 a year and the other expenses of his department, which are considerable, are presumably written off by the Metropolitan because of the increased age of the average policyholder, who will thus pay in more premiums before dropping dead.

The Metropolitan not long ago announced to its policyholders that since 1929 it has spent $120,000,000 on a public-health program. This figure includes medical and sociological research, operating expenses of clinics, the distribution of pamphlets on the prevention of various diseases, and a vast advertising campaign urging people not to have cancer or be fat. Dr. Dublin's department is concerned only with statistical research; another department, under another vice-president, Third Vice-President Armstrong, takes care of the public-health campaign. As a measure of its success in improving the nation's health, the Metropolitan has released for publication tables demonstrating that while the population as a whole has added ten and three-quarters years to its life expectancy since the year 1911, the less affluent of its policyholders—seventeen million out of a total of twenty-nine million, to be exact—have an added life expectancy of sixteen and a third years. No reason has been given for the fact that the wealthier policyholders' health is nothing to brag about; the lives they lead, probably. In any case, you cannot ask irreverent questions of a statistic, or a statistician.

In fairness, it should here be stated that Dublin's accomplishments are more solid than those of the average vice president or the average statistician. He is completely lacking in the traditional sang-froid of the scientific observer, and will set out on a crusade at the drop of a hat. For instance, he is one of the few men in history who have, single-handed, attacked an unfavorable trend of the world population. Discovering that fewer babies were being born than was good for us in a certain year, he actually did something about it; he appeared in person before various birth-control societies, to point out that indiscriminate birth-control was, in his opinion, worse than none at all. He has, more or less on his own time, made other sallies into the jungles of medical and sociological ignorance. He has a deep and really personal hatred of tuberculosis, and must be given a large share of credit for the decline of the disease in recent years. Such fundamental precautions as well-organized boards of health, clinics, and periodical checkups on clinical patients are the result of agitation by the American Public Health Association, and nine-tenths of the agitation was personally set up by Dublin. It was his daily work that taught him the facts of ill-health in this country, but his fight to have it remedied is more in the nature of an avocation, though of course every hale citizen is an asset to our insurance companies. Dublin really hates malaise in any form. Once, in the throes of the only attack of indigestion he ever had, he informed his colleagues that he was "deeply shocked" by the state of his stomach.

IN 1909, when Dublin, at the age of twenty-seven, went to work for the Metropolitan, he constituted the entire statistical department. Mr. Haley Fiske, then a vice-president of the company, had hired a well-thought-of sociologist, Dr. Lee K. Frankel, to guide the corporate mind into the larger channels of long-range health planning. Dr. Frankel had been sent to Germany by the Russell Sage Foundation to study the enlightened German system of workingmen's insurance, sick pay, and other social improvements, which were, for that day (and for this, for that matter), considered rather advanced. Dr. Frankel's assignment at the Metropolitan was to make the company a "social institution." For an assistant, he hired young Dublin

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away from the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, for which he had been doing actuarial work.

In Dublin, Dr. Frankel found a young man singularly well equipped, in background, education, and natural inclination, for the statistical-benevolent approach to the problem of human suffering. Dublin was born in Lithuania in 1882, was brought to New York at an early age, and passed his childhood in a lower-East Side tenement. In Lithuania, his family had been prosperous and had included rabbis and university professors, but his early New York years were lean ones. He sold newspapers to contribute to the family income and struggled ferociously through the public-school system. He entered C.C.N.Y. at the age of fourteen. Here he applied himself to the study of mathematics—the traditional battleground of keen public-school students—and carried off the most coveted mathematics prize, the Belden Medal. Also, as a logical development of a childish enthusiasm for nature study in Central Park, he took up biology, dissecting frogs and rabbits with a good deal of grace. At nineteen, he was taking a postgraduate course in biology at Columbia and teaching mathematics at City College. When the head of the biology department asked Dublin what branch of the science he intended to specialize in, he said, "The evolution of man." They compromised finally on a Ph.D. thesis on the germ cell of *Pedicellina Americana*, a minute polyp that grows on oysters in Cold Spring Harbor.

Dublin's ideas about public health developed as the result of irritation over the writings of the late Karl Pearson, a pioneer in the application of mathematics to the fields of biology and eugenics. Dublin was particularly horrified by Pearson's somewhat impersonal notions about the control of tuberculosis. It was useless, Pearson said, to attempt to stamp out the disease by curing individuals; if these individuals were simply allowed to die, the plague would in time vanish. Dublin never met Pearson, but he wrote a number of indignant letters to him, pointing out, with an unabashed lack of scientific detachment, that Pearson's method of disease control might permit the premature loss of another Keats. It is comforting to know that the world's biggest life-insurance company is, in the person of its chief statistician, committed to fostering poets, even though they are generally accounted bad risks.

Until Dr. Frankel and Dublin arrived on the job, the Metropolitan's relationship with its insured was, in a colleague's words, "purely fiscal." The company looked the individual over and made book on his staying alive long enough to pay in a decent number of premiums. Dublin's first problem was to find out how this nation stood in matters of health and longevity. He laid out for himself a survey of deaths in the United States, tabulated according to immediate cause, medical history, age, sex, race, occupation, place of birth, and place of residence at the time of death. He went to the United States Bureau of the Census in Washington to see how the problem was handled there, and was alarmed and baffled to discover that only twenty-two states registered deaths, and that information was thus lacking

NIGHT WATCH

"I see him! About halfway between Aldebaran and Sirius—multimotored, and going like hell."

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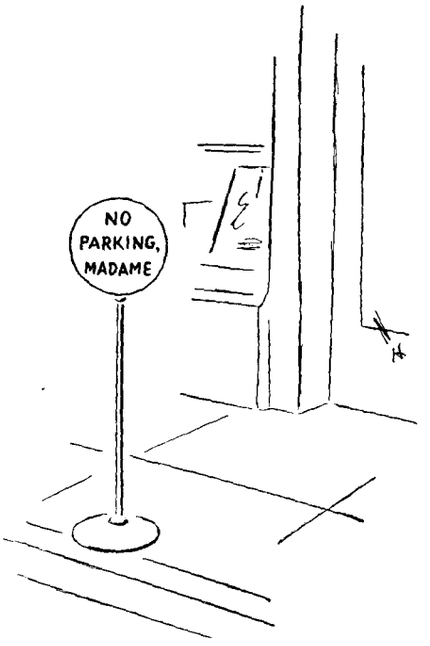
on the demise of almost one-third of the national population. The available statistics were unreliable, too; poorly trained coroners often enough confused symptoms with causes or, when they were in doubt about the cause of death, cheerfully wrote down "apoplexy" or "heart failure."

The fact that births and deaths are today registered accurately throughout the country can be credited to Dublin. Upon entering the insurance field, he had joined, as a matter of course, the American Public Health Association, an elderly and somewhat dormant body of doctors, life-insurance men, and health officials. With the financial backing of the Metropolitan, Dublin formed within the Association a Committee on Administrative Practice, which proceeded to issue reports on public-health administration. He and Dr. Frankel did a little extramural lobbying, recruiting the assistance and good will of the American Medical Association, the Bar Association, the Association of Life Insurance Presidents, and other potent groups. The reports of the committee were so appalling that they resulted in quick and lasting reforms. Health administration passed from the hands of party hacks to competent physicians. Dublin says today that the creation of this committee is the biggest single thing he ever did, or at least the one he's the most proud of. Through another organization, the American Statistical Association, of which he became president in 1924, Dublin helped develop scientifically sound methods of gathering and tabulating health data.

HAVING tapped this inexhaustible and rich well of fact, Dublin was confronted with the problem of how best to use his new information. Even at the beginning it was plain that the job was beyond the strength of file clerks. International Business Machines, working with Dublin, developed a number of large, impressive sorting and tabulating machines, electrically operated and capable of telling any number of intimate little secrets about the average man. For instance, if today Dublin should wish to learn the exact number of Metropolitan policyholders who live in cities, do manual labor, are thirty-two years of age, and are married, he need only punch a few buttons and set one of his machines in motion. An hour or so later, after a great churning and clashing of gears, the answer appears. The operations of this glittering mechanism are too complicated for the tensile strength of non-technical expository prose, but the principle is this: There is, for each policyholder, a card that does not conduct electricity; twenty or more items of information are put on each card, in the form of perforations; when a device controlling a specific category of information is touched off, an electric current passes through the corresponding perforations; the cards are thus brought out of the file, and are somehow counted by another device. Improbable as this sounds, it indubitably happens.

The machines have a peculiar intelligence of their own. Once a "run" of cards indicated, to everyone's surprise, a rise in the number of deaths from typhoid in a Southern city. The Metropolitan got in touch with the somewhat backward city health authorities, who tracked the source of the disease down to a faulty garbage-disposal plant. The plant was rebuilt, and Dublin's machines approvingly noted an improvement in the incidence of typhoid in the Southern city. Several times the machines have given the first warning of an epidemic.



Wonderful as the Metropolitan's mechanical tabulating system is, the demands made on it tax it to the utmost. Dublin's mail is full of innocent requests for statistical miracles. An ardent college boy wants a suitable statistic to impress upon his girl the fact that if she marries him right away her chances of surviving until she gets her degree will be greater; he receives an answer worked out to four decimal places, and a pencilled P. S. from Dublin advising him to try another approach. A married couple want to know if they should have children, despite the circumstance that the wife's mother has diabetes. A hurry call comes from a writer who wants to know the total number of young men in the country who could qualify as combat pilots. A minister writes in to ask the number of people who died before the coming of Christ; this figure, he thinks, should give him the minimum population of hell. An after-dinner speaker would like to be able to predict trends in medicine, and Dublin suggests that the

ELEGY

Soldier, quietly now on the hillside,
your body still warm among these ferns,
the war is over for you at last
under death's final armistice.

The bullet was kind.
It could have brought suffering.
It could have opened a vein of memory,
but the bullet was swift and merciful.

If there were sons in your blood,
the earth has them now; the earth
has all your jewelled possessions now;
it has taken the miracle of your heart
and ended it forever.

Rest, soldier, on the long hillside.
Your comrades hold fiercely in their trenches
and the harvest is all bayonets behind them.
Where you fell a thousand advance,
storming the future for us, bringers of light,
placing the flag in that perilous city, Tomorrow.

—NORMAN ROSTEN

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"Give Mrs. Brown two New Zealanders for Sunday dinner."

• •

war will result in more problems in reconstruction surgery, workers in munitions factories will be more reckless than in peacetime and there will be a rise in industrial accidents, nervous and mental disorders will increase, but, looking on the bright side, the average American soldier will gain three pounds and a couple of inches around his chest.

DUBLIN is a neat figure of a middle-aged man, a little below medium height, with graying brown hair and mustache. His private life is possibly somewhat influenced by the disasters which are his stock in trade. For instance, he refuses to drive a car, diagnosing his own trouble as a complete "lack of coördination." He has been married for thirty-four years and has four grown children, two sons and two daughters. One son is a doctor on the staff of the New York State Department of Health, the other works for the Metropolitan. Both daughters are married, and one has presented Dublin with a grandson and a granddaughter. One of the family stories is about the time the grandson, at the age of five, asked for some information on how flowers grew. "That's easy," Dublin began briskly. "You know how it is with people. Well . . ."

The Dublins have an apartment in the Seventies, off Park Avenue, and a comfortable house in Westport, overlooking the Sound. He conscientiously takes a month's vacation every year, but when he is in town is likely to have no more than an evening or two a week for bridge or other frivolities. He is by necessity a joiner of societies, associations, and the like, and has at any given moment an engagement to speak before, or contribute a paper to the quarterly publication of, several such worthy organizations as the Frontier Nursing Service, the American Film Center, the United Jewish Appeal for Refugees and Overseas Need, the Population Association of America, the Executive Committee of the Section on Industrial Medicine of the Pan American Medical Association, the Child Study Association, the New York City Committee for Adult Education, the United States Veterans' Bureau, the

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"This ought to be good."

• •

Committee on Indian Affairs of the Conference of State and Provincial Health Authorities, the Advisory Council for the Vital Statistics Division of the United States Bureau of the Census, and the Subcommittee to Study the Records and Administrative Procedures of the Committee for the Study and Care of the Physically Handicapped Children in the Public Schools of New York.

Dublin is an author and editor of considerable prolixity. For the past twenty-two years his department has issued a monthly statistical bulletin, which is sent out to a mailing list of newspaper editors, physicians, teachers, and social workers. As editor of the bulletin, he displays a varied and ingenious, if slightly gruesome, sense of news values, touching on the seasonal incidence of accidental deaths from firearms, venereal disease among Army and Navy recruits, fire hazards inherent in women's fashions, and the like. The subject titles are catchy: "The Risk of Widowhood and the Risk of Death Compared," "Fatal Sled Accidents Among Youngsters," "Watch One- and Two-Year-Olds Around the Water." Dublin's research men also furnish material for the Metropolitan's series of pamphlets instructing you in prenatal care, first aid, dietetics, and other hints on keeping alive. The writing is done by popularizers in another department.

When Dublin, in his monthly bulletin, says, "Life and limb are safer in the spring than at any other time of year," he is speaking in a special language that nobody but another statistician can fully understand. He doesn't mean "Nothing can happen to you now that it's spring, so relax." Nor does he intend any individual reader to feel more secure; that reader might lose two limbs, or drop dead, without disturbing the statistic. Everybody is safer in the spring, but that doesn't mean that anybody is. If you can't understand that, you will never understand statistics.

The Metropolitan thinks of Dublin as a man directly concerned with increasing human longevity, and, except for occasional dreamy remarks like the one quoted above, he is. His quarrel over tuberculosis control with the mathematician Pearson has matured into a deadly hatred of the specific bacillus involved. He and his machines were back of the Metropolitan's classic experiment with tuberculosis in Framingham, Massachusetts, in which, through an intensive campaign of slum clearance, clinical treatment, education, and nursing, the incidence of the disease was cut sixty-eight per cent in seven years. Sometimes Dublin's findings benefit the public by altering the Metropolitan's attitude toward specific ailments. People with heart murmurs used to be regarded as poor risks; the company doctors took the stand that a heart murmur certainly wasn't good and was therefore bad. Dublin set his machines to keeping track of people with heart murmurs, and the machines in due time reported that, barring complications, they lived fairly long and healthy lives. The possessor of a murmur is no longer automatically considered a poor risk.

Dublin points out in print from time to time the fact, disturbing to him, that some form of heart disease kills one out of every five people. He has rung endless changes on this one fact, analyzing it, for instance, by racial groups; the English, Scotch, Welsh, and German peoples are peculiarly susceptible, the Irish the most susceptible of all. The layman is tempted to remark here that an Irishman can't help being Irish, so it's no use admonishing him about heart disease, but such a remark would merely indicate a profound ignorance of statistics and statisticians. Similarly, there is no use trying to follow Dublin when he notes with indignation that there is a steady increase in the incidence of diseases of old age, such as Bright's disease and hardening of the arteries. It is plain that the reason for this is the fact, cheer-

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ing in itself, that more people are living long enough for their arteries to harden.

AMONG Dublin's written works are quite a number of books and pamphlets related in one way or another to life insurance. Probably the most widely read is a study of suicide entitled "To Be or Not To Be," which he wrote with a collaborator named Bessie Bunzel. The authors concluded that proportionately more whites than Negroes commit suicide and that self-destruction is more likely to occur on the West Coast than in Yonkers. In another of his statistical studies, Dublin starts out, "One shudders a bit at the very thought of an economic valuation of life. How much is a mother, a wife, or a child worth?" Shuddering a bit, he proceeds to demonstrate that a man of forty-three, earning twenty-five hundred dollars a year, represents a past expense to his parents of ten thousand dollars and stands to earn forty-one thousand dollars in his remaining years. The value of a woman is placed, somewhat arbitrarily, at half that of a man in her income group. These figures have been used by insurance companies in fixing premiums and by courts in adjusting claims in workmen's compensation cases.

Whenever his machines tell him something is wrong, Dublin does what he can to fix it, in as forthright a way as possible. It was when he made the discovery some years ago that we were not having a "true natural increase in population"—i.e., that the old people were living longer and fewer babies were being born—that he communicated with several of the more prominent birth-control groups. They responded with invitations to address their meetings, which he did so cogently that they adopted the positive slogan "planned parenthood" instead of the negative "birth control." In addition to his own brood of four, Dublin is thus the father of tens of thousands of children yet unborn. The responsibilities of parenthood will be fully recognized, one imagines. It is possible to picture Dublin, benevolent and stern, pointing out to the youngsters that they are susceptible to heart disease if their name is Murphy and pointing out the residential advantages of Yonkers for those of a melancholy temperament.

—JOSEPH GOLLOMB

•

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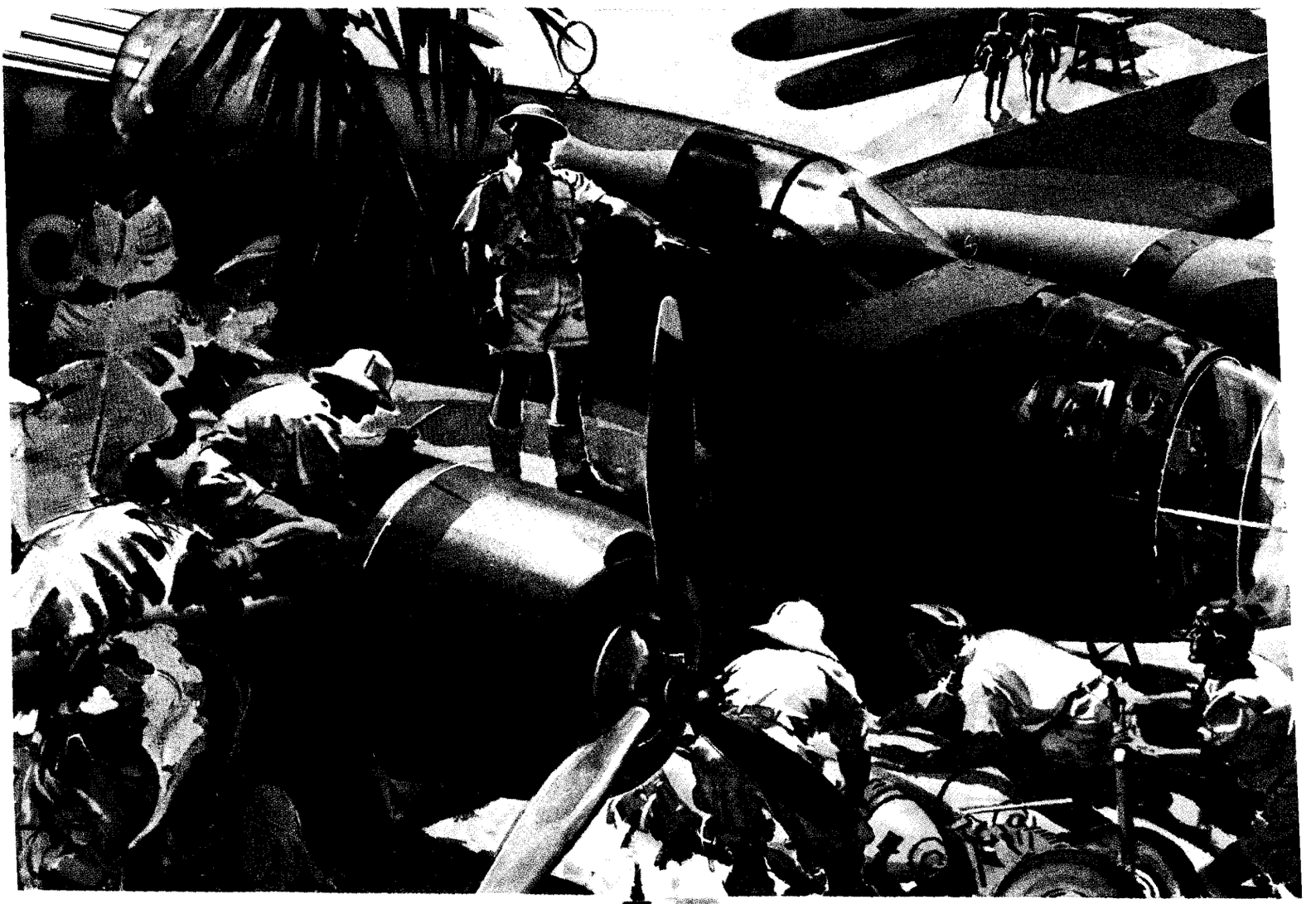

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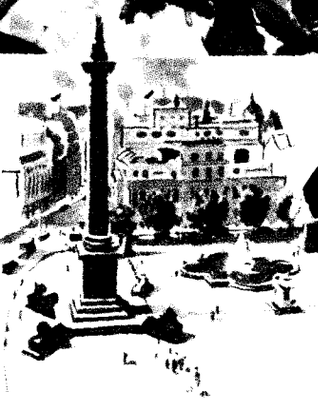

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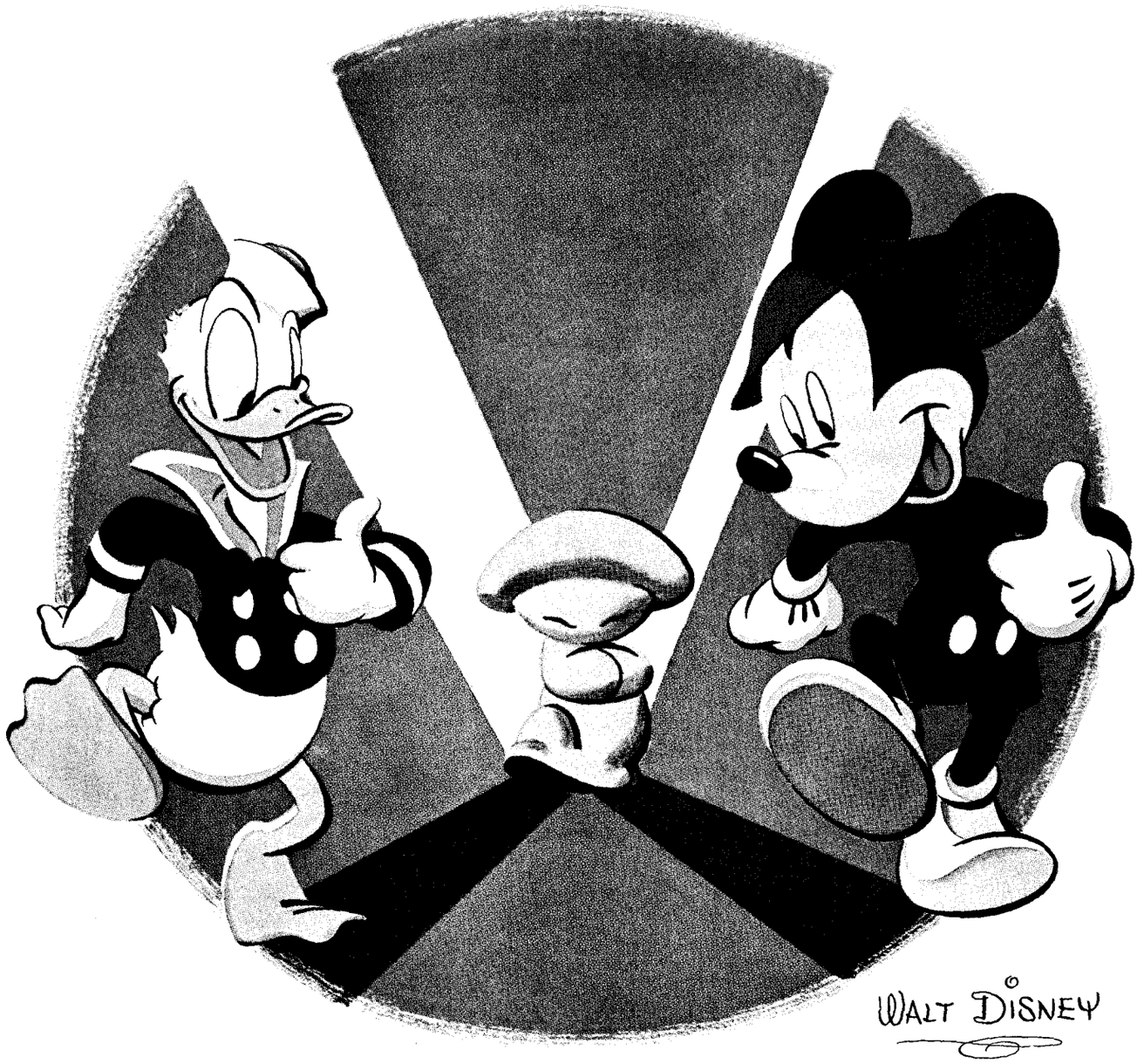

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THE MANTLE OF MANTLE

[AUTHOR'S NOTE: The following is intended to be a rhymed alphabetical review of the current theatrical season, but there are conceivably a few points about it that need explanation. In the first place, the metre may from time to time seem faulty or variable. This is partly because the titles of a good many plays are better adapted to theatre marquees than iambic tetrameter ("Yesterday's Magic" and "Hope for a Harvest" are, I feel, particularly unsatisfactory) and partly because of certain technical deficiencies of my own. I think the lines throughout can be made to come out all right if you work at them, but it may easily be too much trouble. In the second place, several plays, now gone and forgotten, are dealt with in the present tense. This has been done entirely for my own convenience, in order to produce rhymes. In the third place, a good many rather ambitious plays have been left out ("Jason," "Lily of the Valley," "Clash by Night," and a number of musicals) simply because they begin with the same letter as something else. Finally, it will be observed that several letters, specifically D, E, Q, and X, are in under false pretenses, while Z doesn't appear at all. This should be blamed on the season rather than on me, since, as far as I can remember, it failed to produce anything with those initials. Z is omitted altogether because I could think of no proper names fitting it except a few like Zeus, Zuleika, Zeppelin, and Zarathustra, none of which seemed suitable.]

A's "Angel Street," in which a louse
Plans to polish off his spouse—
Just, in fact, the school to go to
If *your* partner seems de trop, too.

B's "Blithe Spirit": Coward looks
At two quite handsome female spooks.
The lesson here, when all is said:
Don't raise the queer, unruly dead.

C's "Candle in the Wind," a sermon
Proving all that's vile is German—
Either that or that it pays
To be a girl called Helen Hayes.

The Drama Critics Circle, D,
Is quite a bunch, including me.
There is hardly any play
Some critic doesn't wish away.

E is Evans, whom the Bard
Might well reward with myrrh or nard.
Good King Evans' latest feat:
He made "Macbeth" a partial treat.

F's "The Flowers of Virtue," which
Will hardly make its author rich.
The scene is laid in Mexico,
Where life is real and life is slow.

"Guest in the House," a pretty G,
Is full of fragrant bitchery.
Little can be said at most
For ladies who seduce the host.

"Hope for a Harvest" (letter H)
Should not have gone upon the stage,
Though pregnant with the strong emotion
Aroused in some by soil erosion.

I is for "In Time to Come,"
A play both dignified and glum.
Too many wigs obscured the glow
Of Wilson, Lodge, and Clemenceau.*

J's for "Junior Miss," which yields,
From Benson, Chodorov, and Fields,
A warning clear to you and me
That little girls are TNT.

K is "Keep 'Em Laughing," pard,
With Gaxton, Moore, and Hildegarde.
It's guaranteed to be a solace
To those who used to love the Palace.

L, "The Land Is Bright," was rife
With murder, lust, domestic strife,
With jewels, gigolos, and gin;
Where Kauf left off, the Ferb set in.

*Well, *mis*pronounce it then.

M is for "The Moon Is Down,"
About a small, a captive town
Where Hitler's legions walk in dread
Because old ladies cut them dead.

"Nathan the Wise" must be our N,
A history of holy men.
Though duller plays I've surely seen,
I'd rather look at George the Jean.

"Of V We Sing," the only O,
Might titillate the Eskimo,
But for the residents of here
It's apt to seem a little drear.

"Porgy and Bess" will do for P,
Will do for you and also me;
How oft, indeed, I long to know
The Happy Dust of Catfish Row.

Q is for how queer this doyen
Found a year with no Saroyan.
As soon expect a soundless sea
As no new masterpiece from he.

R's "The Rivals," just a lark,
Made bearable by Bobby Clark
But otherwise with sorrow filled
For Helburn, Langner, and the Guild.

S is "Spring Again," a comic,
Yielding genteel laughs (not stomach).
I'm sure your mother, if a lady,
Will like C. Smith and Mrs. Brady.

T's for "Theatre," something from
Something else by Mr. Maugham.
'Twas interesting to this beginner
To see live actors round Miss Skinner.

U's "Uncle Harry," which they say
Opened up just yesterday.
Until I see it, I can't tell
If it's terrible or swell.

"Viva O'Brien," for a V,
Was just as queer as it could be.
The management, God save us all,
Used sugar for a waterfall.

W's "The Wookey," who's
A better man than me or youse,
Though Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's drama
Was laid on lightly, with a hammer.

X is for that lovely play
That somehow, somewhere, got away.
The dream that someone dreamed one night
And then at dawn forgot to write.

"Yesterday's Magic" is our Y,
A grope, a groan, a miss, a try.
Mr. Muni'll make more moola
Out on the lot a-playing Zola.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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WHAT DO YOU LIKE IN THE SEVENTH?

THE Halladays went out to Belmont during the first week of the meeting. It had rained all the previous night and the morning had been wet and gray. As their train came above ground on Long Island, they saw that the rain had begun again.

Tom Halladay sat next to the window handicapping the day's races with the help of the *Racing Form*, a scratch sheet, and his intuition. Elizabeth sat beside him, looking over the entries in the sports page of the *Post*. Her system was a simple one: she liked all horses that had "sun" or "son" in their names. There were only two going today, Sir Gibson and Bright Sun.

Tom said, "The first two races leave me cold. Do you have any enthusiasms?"

Elizabeth looked again at the entries. "Ship's Run in the first," she said, "and Farrell or Sargazo in the second."

"Ship's Run figures pretty good," he said, "and I'm for Sargazo, too. But where did you get Farrell? It says here, 'Shows little.'"

"I don't know. I just like him."

"There might be a hunch in the other two," Tom said thoughtfully. "They're both oceanic. You know—Ship's Run and Sargazo Sea."

"It's Sargasso Sea," she said.

Tom blinked. "Well, that's what they meant, probably. It's just another spelling." Elizabeth laughed. "You'll regret this when they both come in," he told her. "Now, in the third I think we should plunge a little on Sir Gibson—"

"Tom!" she said. "That's marvellous. I've been getting vibrations from Sir Gibson, too." She was impressed, as always, by the psychic wonderfulness of their both coming up with the same horse. "He can't lose," she said. When he gave her the rest of his choices, she pressed his arm and said, "They sound like winners, all of them. And I feel lucky. Do you?"

"Lucky!" he said. "Will two hundred get you that kidskin jacket you want?" She nodded, smiling. "That's what we'll shoot for, then," he said. "Two hundred."

WHEN the train pulled into the station, they hurried to the track entrance. Tom got the tickets and they went into the dim, damp vault beneath the grandstand. Elizabeth, holding tight to his arm, said, "It's happened again—my stomach's jittering."

"Mine, too," he said. "It always happens."

"What a lovely life," she murmured. "What a lovely, lovely life."

The daily-double windows were closed, so Tom bought a ten-dollar win ticket on Ship's Run. They went up in the stands and stood together looking out at the drowned infield as the public-address system announced, "Here come the horses for the first race . . ."

Ship's Run was being led onto the track by his stable pony and they watched him anxiously. "I wish he'd wink at us or something," Elizabeth said. "He looks much too bored."

"Shh," Tom said, "he'll hear you."

Ship's Run broke third from the barrier, stayed third all the way around to the stretch, and was third at the finish.

"Well, he was consistent, anyhow," Elizabeth said.

"What about this next one?" Tom asked when the odds were up for the second race. "Sargazo's pretty short-priced. Let's just put five on the nose."

"All right," she said agreeably.

He started down toward the sellers' windows but turned and came back to her. "Do you still feel hot about Farrell?"

Elizabeth pursed her lips and looked at the tote board. Farrell was 30–1. "No," she said, "no, that was just an idea I had."

Catapult won, Farrell was second, and Sargazo just outlasted Dudie for third. When Farrell paid $15.10 to place and $6.90 to show, Tom said mournfully, "Next time I'll listen to you."

"Darling," she said, "don't be silly. I touted you off Farrell. You came back and practically begged me to bet him. Besides, it doesn't matter. Our first winner is coming up, our fleet-footed, stout-hearted Sir Gibson."

Tom put ten across the board on Sir Gibson and they went to the bar for a drink before the third race. "That makes us down forty-five dollars," Elizabeth said. She wrote "–45" at the top of her program and put a plus sign after it. "That's for when Sir Gibson wins."

When the bugle announced the horses for the third race, Tom and Elizabeth finished their drinks and went back to the grandstand. They found two unoccupied seats. Sir Gibson ambled by below them, alongside his lead pony. "Why do our horses always have to be led?" Elizabeth said.

"He's not being led. He's being held upright," Tom said.

"Don't," she said. "That kind of talk's bad luck. Here, take the curse off it." She held up her cheek to be kissed.

They waited while the horses edged up to the starting gate. Elizabeth tucked her purse under her arm so she could keep her fingers crossed. Tom wiped his glasses and lit another cigarette.

"They're off!" the announcer said.

Elizabeth squealed in excitement, and as she jumped onto her seat she heard the announcer say, "Wake and Sir Gibson broke in front—" Then she lost her balance. The seat shot upward, pinning one leg against the back. Tom pulled his eyes from the track, said "My God!," and leaped down, grasping her by the elbows to support her. A well-intentioned lady beside him tried to lower the seat but only gouged it deeper into Elizabeth's leg. Finally he released her and she huddled down on the seat, her knees together, her eyes closed with anguish. The crowd around them was yelling loudly now as the horses came into the stretch.

Tom said, "You should remember enough from physics at school to—" Then he broke off. Elizabeth stole a look at her leg. The stocking was torn and the scraped skin was beginning to bleed. She covered it with her gloved hand and rocked with the pain.

"I'm sorry, darling," he said. "Can I get you some iodine or mercurochrome or something?"

"No, I'm all right," she answered. "It was silly and clumsy of me, I know." He didn't answer her. "Who won?" she asked.

"Darby Du," he told her, glancing at the numbers on the tote board. "Ballast Reef was second and we got third."

"We—we cash a ticket anyhow," she said.

When the prices flashed on, Sir Gibson paid two-eighty.

IN the next race only five horses went to the post. Tom bet Quakertown and, at Elizabeth's urging, Bright Sun. They were both out of the money. "Not everyone can do that," he told her. "Not everyone can pick the two horses

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that are going to run fourth and fifth in a five-horse race." She didn't laugh. "Let's have a drink," he said gloomily.

"You go ahead," Elizabeth said. "I'll wait here."

"Is it your leg?" he asked. "Look, if it's hurting, we'd better go home. We'd better get it looked at."

"It doesn't hurt that much, but it isn't fun, either," she said.

"I never said it must be fun."

In silence they watched the horse they had bet on, Our Boots, run fourth in the big race of the day. Tom said bitterly, "Our jockey must have been waiting for the other three horses to be struck by lightning." Then he said, "Are you for Blue Gino in this next one?"

Elizabeth said, "Ye-es."

"Do you like something else?"

"I'm afraid of Subdue."

"I'm afraid of all of them," he said, and stood studying the form charts and watching the changing odds. When he came back from the sellers' windows he said, "I bet Blue Gino twenty to win; Subdue, twenty to place. Now, I suppose, Blue Gino will place and Subdue show." He was right.

The next race was the seventh. "Last chance," Tom said. Then, not looking at her, "How much money did you bring with you?"

Elizabeth peered into her purse. "Forty dollars."

"You'd better let me take it," he said.

"Don't you have anything left?"

"I have ten dollars," he said with impatience. "Haut Monde is five-to-two. Ten dollars isn't going to get us even."

Elizabeth gave him the money. "Our luck's been so bad—" she said, and then, seeing the storm signals, "Do whatever you want with it."

When Tom returned he said, "Thirty to win, twenty to place."

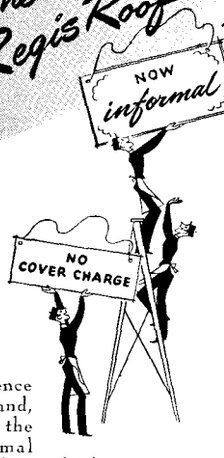
"On Haut Monde?"

"Of course. You didn't think I'd switch at the last minute, did you?"

"I just wondered," she said in a small voice.

He looked straight ahead of him for a moment. Then he said, "Here, you hold the tickets." She accepted them and held them tightly in her hands. They stood in the chilling damp, looking at the muddy track. A rain haze was drifting across the enclosure. Haut Monde broke fast from the barrier and went around the turn head and head with two other horses. They all bunched together as they entered the backstretch. The announcer said, "At the half, it's

The St. Regis Roof



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Flying Legion by a length, Wood Robin second, Haut Monde third."

Elizabeth whispered, "Get up there, Haut Monde."

"He's well placed," Tom told her. "This is a long race."

"At the three-quarters," said the announcer, "it's Flying Legion by a length, Wood Robin second. Haut Monde is moving up; he's lapped on Wood Robin. Inconceivable is fourth."

"Oh, Tom, oh, Tom . . ." Elizabeth prayed.

"Coming into the stretch," the announcer said, "it's Flying Legion and Haut Monde, neck and neck. Wood Robin has dropped back. Inconceivable is making his bid. General L. is coming up on the outside—"

The announcer's voice was drowned in the growing roar of the stands. Five or six horses pounded across the finish line closely bunched, and Tom and Elizabeth, peering through the mist, trying to see over the jumble of hats, clenched each other's hands fiercely. "I think we did it," Tom said. "I think we did it."

The word "Photo" appeared on the tote board and they stood in a dry-mouthed silence, excitement and apprehension churning their insides. Then the numbers flashed on the board and they stared at them, unbelieving. General L. was first, Inconceivable second, Flying Legion third.

"I'll be damned," Tom said.

"Well," said Elizabeth shakily, "we've still got each other."

He looked at her and she knew he was trying for the light touch, too. But it didn't come. "Let's get the hell out of here," he said.

—Robert McLaughlin

•

AIR, FROM THE OLD WELSH

Like seaweed under water,
The uneventful trees
Move at my window
In the mist of the morning.

If I could count the leaves
And multiply them by
The number of seasons left me,
And were every leaf a love,
There would still not be enough
To have before I die.

Ah, what stubborn stuff
I waken to find
In the cells of the mind
On the sills of the morning.

—Rolfe Humphries

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

HOME TOWN OF A PROPHET

TO the outward and casual view today, Palmyra, New York, the birthplace of Mormonism, seems an unlikely town to have given rise to a religion. No community could be more upstate-New Yorkish. It is a decorous, prosperous, tidy village of ordered respectability and impregnable Republicanism. Unemployment is at a minimum, labor troubles are infrequent, and relief is hardly a problem. Nearly a third of the populace is employed at the great Garlock Packing Company plant on the bank of the Barge Canal. It is a home-owners' town; the peaceful, shaded streets are bordered with houses ranging from the neatly simple to the luxuriously dignified. But the York State genius is peculiar. Within a hundred-mile radius have first appeared portents and wonders more numerous and significant than in any other equal area of the Western Hemisphere. This lake-and-hill region has given rise to such diverse phenomena, besides Mormonism, as woman suffrage, dress reform, mediumistic spiritualism, higher education for women, prison reform, and that all-time, world-champion fake of supershowmanship, the "petrified" Cardiff Giant.

Palmyra is far from offensively conscious of its sectarian distinction. One may visit there and mingle with its representative citizens extensively without hearing Mormonism—or, more correctly, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints—so much as mentioned unless one introduces the topic oneself. The cult is of less concern locally than the town high school's basketball score. The seventy members of the Palmyra branch of the Church merge imperceptibly into the social scheme and are quite content with their status. They are of the modest walks of life—gardeners, mechanics, minor clerks, a chiropractor, office workers, and farmers. Without exception, they are a peaceable, law-abiding folk, so scrupulous in money matters that any Mormon can get credit anywhere in Palmyra. The cult owns its own property—a church in town; the great shrine on the Hill Cumorah, four miles south of town, consisting of a statue of the Mormon Angel Moroni, an open-air theatre for religious theatrical productions, and an information bureau; and, a mile nearer town, the farm home of the Prophet Joseph Smith, Jr., and the adjacent Sacred Grove, where the angel appeared with the revelation.

IT was half a century since I had visited an uncle in Palmyra, but the place seemed little changed as I entered the Sabbath quiet of East Main Street and inquired at a gas station for the Church of Latter-Day Saints. The proprietor looked blank.

"He means the Mormon Church, Jim," said a helpful bystander.

"Why, that's out at Gold Bible Hill, ain't it? They haven't got a church in town," said Jim.

"Sure they have. Used to be Grange Hall," the bystander said.

"Well, I be damned if I ever knew that," said Jim.

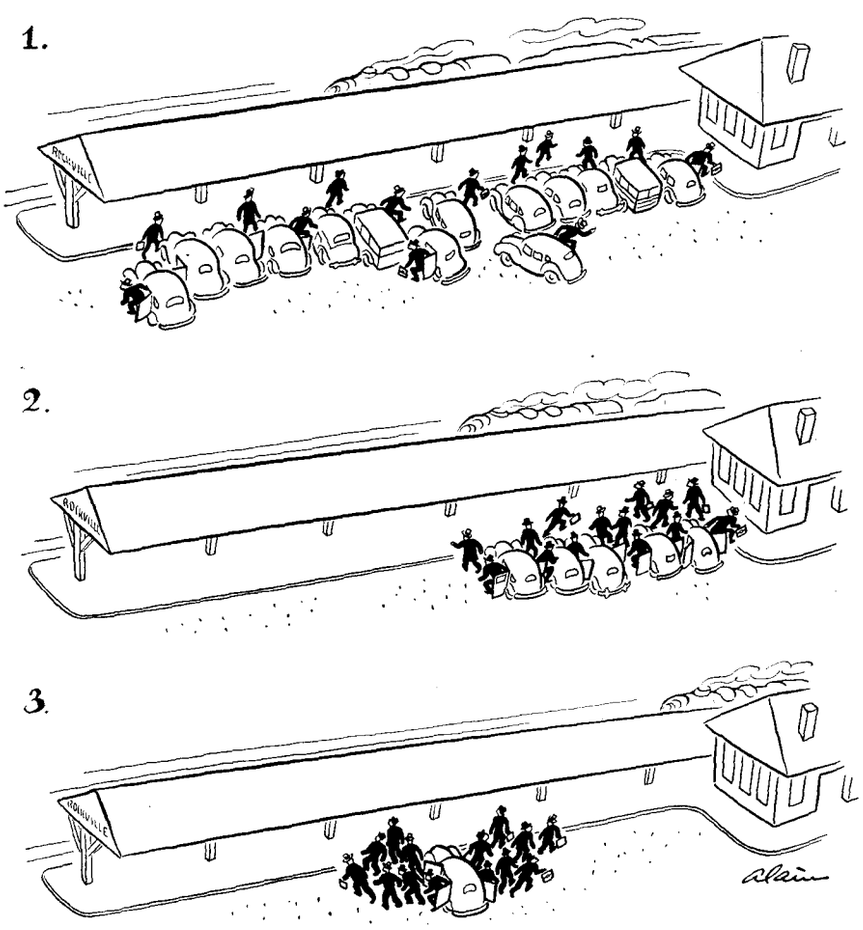
The bystander gave me directions on how to get to the church. "You just walk right in," he said. "They'll be glad to see you. They're nice folks. Don't even take up a collection."

The morning service had not yet started when I arrived about ten-thirty at the old Grange Hall, a brick building of typically nineteenth-century academic architecture. The meeting room was undistinguished. It had a seating capacity of perhaps two hundred and fifty. Several members came up to introduce themselves to the stranger. They were youngish, neatly dressed, and tended toward the vigorous Y.M.C.A. type, though less ebullient. Other people arrived, until thirty-nine in all were present, of whom almost half were children. Only two looked to be over fifty. On the platform were six persons, including a pianist and a song-leader. There was a small pulpit and, below it, a Communion table.

The first part of the service was mostly ritual, with the children taking a conspicuous part. Then an elder spoke briefly and quietly of the world turmoil, enjoining patriotism, devotion to democratic principles, and tolerance.

The atmosphere was that of an Ethical Culture Society meeting rather than of a religious ceremony. There was no fervor, no attempt to work up excitement, none of the emotionalism, cajolery, or catchwords of the hallelujah school of revivalism. One got an impression of calm conviction amounting almost to complacency. The Saints were thoroughly satisfied and at ease with their creed. Only in their music did they let themselves go to any degree. The ensemble singing sounded, to my ear, notably good.

I looked through a book of "Deseret Songs"—Deseret is a Mormon word for the territory that is now Utah—in which I found ancient and honored hymns interspersed with those of more



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distinctive Mormon flavor. One dealt with "The Bees of Deseret," from a moral and improving point of view. Another warned:

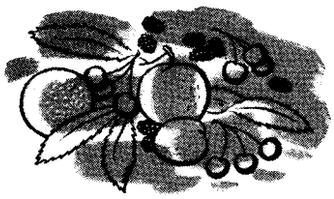
> Don't kill the little birds
> That sing on branch and tree.

Of the more inspirational type, I noted:

> Haste to the Sunday School.
> Come, come, come.
> Here we have teachers kind,
> And we shall surely find
> Much to improve the mind.
> Come, come, come.

AFTER an hour or so of singing, there was an intermission and the children went to another room. For their elders, the second part of the service resembled a round-table discussion. The topic was the Lamanites, who, according to the Book of Mormon, are the native North American Indians and a lost tribe of Israel. The leader of the discussion was a gentle, persuasive man. Upon making a point, he would appeal to his hearers: "Is that right?" or "Anything wrong with that?" When he liked a certain response, he wrote it out on a blackboard. "We'll keep that in sight," he said. At times the discussion ranged wide. He talked about "Children of God," a novel about Mormonism published a couple of years ago, and approved of it because it presented the persecuted Saints in a generally sympathetic light. He regarded it as fair in intention and helpful to the cause.

Everyone appeared to have an intimate and exhaustive knowledge of the Church's beginnings at his tongue's end. It all, of course, presupposed an implicit acceptance of the Book of Mormon and the records of Joseph Smith, Jr., the Founder, "seer, revelator, and prophet." Everyone was equally erudite in the details of the turbulent and bloody hegira westward: the settlement at Kirtland, Ohio, where for a time the Saints prospered, only to see the economic collapse of their self-contained community; the advance to Independence, Missouri, whence they were driven by mob violence abetted by a supine state administration; the building of the splendid city at Nauvoo, Illinois; the mob murder of Joseph Smith, Jr., in jail, that most inhuman instance of religious persecution since Colonial days; the push westward to Council Bluffs under the indomitable Brigham Young, the Saints drawing strength from persecution and retaliating effectively as they increased in numbers and power and perfected their organization; and the final triumph in the building of Salt Lake City, with Mormon control of its politics, business,



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and finance, and its great Tabernacle.

As to local landmarks, for which I inquired after the service, I was told that the original Book of Mormon was printed and published just around the corner. The exact site of the cabin occupied by the family of Joseph Smith, Jr., was not known. My guides led me to a street not far from the centre of the town, at the foot of a drumlin, one of those geological curiosities, the abrupt hillocks which thrust up like earth pimples for fifty miles around. "Somewhere just about here," they said, the Smiths lived for two years before moving to a farm in the adjoining township of Manchester. By Mormon account, the Smith family were enterprising and worthy citizens, handy with tools and industrious. Less kindly and possibly prejudiced contemporaries describe them as none-too-desirable citizens who kept a small cake-and-ale shop. One impression of the Prophet as a young man described him as "a shrewd, scheming fellow who passed his time in taverns and stores in Palmyra, without business and apparently without visible means of support."

The Palmyra of those early-nineteenth-century days was an infant metropolis, considerably larger than it is today. Owing to "the immense business of the Grand Canal," of which it was for five years the western terminal, it was "easily foreseen"—by the patriotic *Wayne Sentinel*, formerly the *Western Farmer & Canal Advocate*—"that with a little additional enterprise, unanimity of feeling, and reciprocity of action on the part of its citizens . . . it will hold a high and respectable rank among the renowned 'Villages of the West.' " It consisted of eighteen general stores, three tanneries, several "asheries," two fine inns, two weeklies, farriers, malthouses, granaries, and smithies, serving thirty-one hundred vigorous inhabitants.

Writers dealing with early Mormon history accentuate the religious tendencies of the locality, with special reference to the widespread emotional and polysectarian revival of 1819-20, which, under the imminent threat of hellfire, set the souls of men scampering after salvation in all directions. Joseph Smith, Jr., may well have been among the spiritual refugees. Unhappily, the militant fervor of the movement turned in upon itself, and the subsequent backbiting rivalry for converts among the participating creeds engendered, as a godless contemporary commentator observed, "a hell of a lot of *odium theologicum*." Perhaps as a reaction from this, or because of the worldly stimulus of the "Erie Ditch," Palmyra appears in the early records as pretty much of a rough-and-tumble canal town.

On paydays, Saturday nights, and other appropriate occasions, the canallers and the townies held formal battles in the streets. "Public rioting" was the conventional crime of the day, and less casual offences, such as arson, incest, assault in all its forms and degrees, murder, and rapine were committed with impressive frequency. In the diary of my grandfather, who lived a few miles away, I find the repeated entry, "Attended Thursday evening Horse Thief Society." This does not necessarily indicate that my grandfather was a horse thief. He was a respectable farmer and a writer on agricultural topics. As for local moral atmosphere, the Palmyra *Reflector*, "Obadiah Dogberry, Edr. & Propr.," regretfully observed in its Christmas, 1829, issue that "a French Hell on a small scale is now in active operation within the bounds of our quiet village." Palmyra was, one suspects, a stimulating rather than an edifying environment for a growing youth like Joseph Smith, Jr.

IF the villagers are hazy about the Mormon landmarks, the landmarks themselves in the surrounding countryside are definite enough. The shrine of Mormonism is the Hill Cumorah. This is a drumlin, rising some three hundred feet out of the plain. The day I visited the Hill I was accompanied by some friends of mine, Dr. Levi F. Noble, a government geologist, and his wife. At the foot of the rise, flanked by a grove of infant hemlocks and a pleasant rock garden, we found the bureau of information, an attractive bungalow built of fieldstone. In its airy and impeccably neat interior (all Mormons are conscientious housekeepers) we were received by a courteous, informal, and coatless elderly gentleman whom we took for a caretaker until a chance remark revealed that he was a dignitary of the Church. I have played golf with a bishop in plus fours, but a high priest in

blue suspenders threw me out of my conversational stride for the moment. With smiling tact, he put me at my ease. "John D. Hooper is the name," he said. "Usually go as J. D."

Mr. Hooper, who can claim the official title of Bishop if he chooses, was there "on mission." That is, he was appointed by the central organization in Salt Lake City for an indeterminate period to be in charge of the Palmyra shrine and its considerable activities, and to live at the bureau. As a source of information he proved abundant, frank, and erudite. He went along with us to the summit of the drumlin, where an imposing statue of the Angel Moroni (long "i"), which was put up in 1935, gazes across the countryside from the top of a lofty column. It was Moroni who, as bearer of the true gospel, appeared to the seventeen-year-old Joseph Smith, Jr., in the Sacred Grove alongside the Smith farm and described to him the spot where some gold plates bearing the carven scripture of the Book of Mormon were buried in a stone box. Though no compass bearings were given by the angelic apparition, Smith had no difficulty when the appointed time came, four years later, in identifying the Hill Cumorah as the blessed place and in discovering the stone box embedded in the hillside. The angel, as presented by the sculptor, a Danish convert named Torlief S. Knaphus, suggests a handsome and benign idealization of Charles Evans Hughes at the age of thirty-five. A few rods away, and fifteen paces down the sharp slope, a sign says:

NEAR THIS SPOT
JOSEPH SMITH
RECEIVED FROM THE ANGEL MORONI
THE GOLD PLATES

"While viewing with admiration this sacred treasure" (according to the semi-official Mormon record, "The A.B.C. of Palmyra and the Beginning of Mormonism") "Behold! the angel of the Lord again appeared" to Smith. Also present, but at a distance in the lurid sky, was the Prince of Darkness, with his "innumerable train of associates." He exhibited signs of malign activity but shortly withdrew. There was nothing he could do about Smith.

No signs of the plates' burial place or of the exhumation are left; grass and shrubbery now cover the slope. The geologist's wife asked whether treasure-seekers were ever troublesome.

"Not in my time," said Mr. Hooper. "There was plenty of digging in times past, I guess. An old gentleman—must have been eighty-five or so—came to see me and told me his grandfather used to

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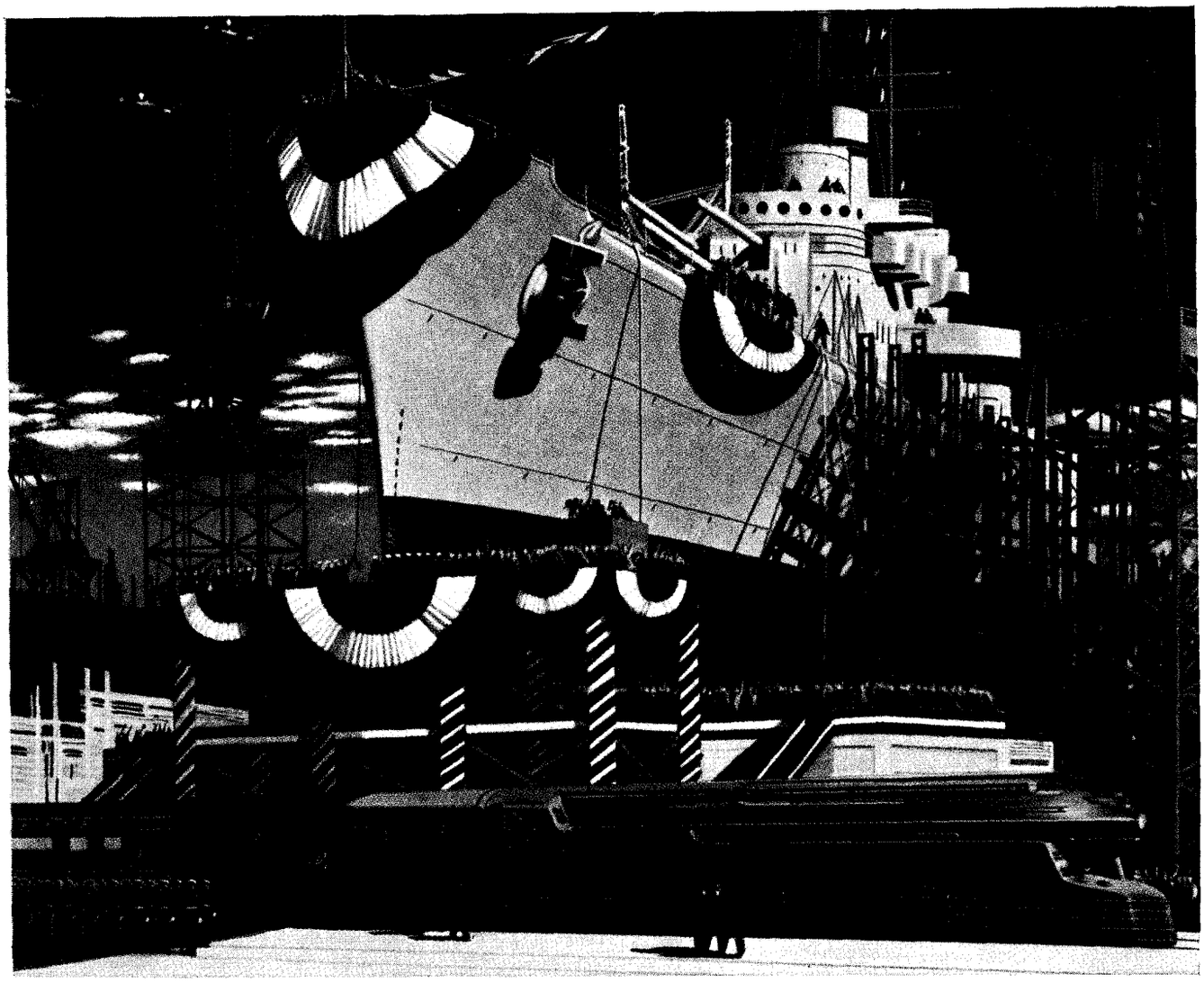

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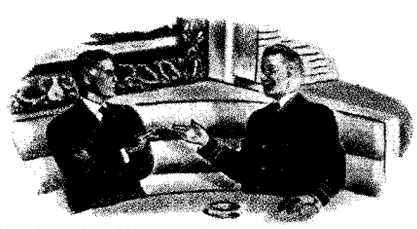

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visit the Sampson family as a boy. They were Admiral Sampson's folks; their farm took in part of the hill. My old gentleman was told by his grandfather that the slopes were pockmarked with the shovel work of the gold-hunters." He chuckled. "They wasted their sweat. The plates were removed by the Angel Moroni after the translation was finished."

The most recent effort, or theoretical effort, was made in 1923 by a pair of dubious evangelists from Pennsylvania, who "discovered" on Cumorah two "supernatural plates" of what resembled zinc roofing, inscribed with mystic letterings, which they translated "Repent" and "Ye must be born again." To my skeptical eye the characters, as reproduced in the Rochester *Herald*, seemed to be cafeteria Greek. The evangelists passed onward, leaving the Mormons unstirred, except to mild amusement.

At the foot of the drumlin, Mr. Hooper pointed out the open-air theatre, where an annual Mormon pageant is held. "Last year we had fifty thousand people," he said, adding in qualification, "so the Rochester *Democrat & Chronicle* estimated. It certainly was a crowd." The pilgrims come from all parts of this country as well as Canada. The performance is religious, symbolic, Biblical, and musical. It is financed by the opulent central Church and is regarded as an effective proselytizing influence. Lesser and more casual pilgrimages visit the shrine and Sacred Grove from time to time, and summer services are held on Sundays at the Grove.

Dr. Noble, who had been studying the terrain with mounting geological enthusiasm, joined us.

"This," he said, "is the finest drumlin I've seen anywhere."

"Drumlin?" Mr. Hooper looked interested. "What's that?"

The scientist explained. Drumlins are formations thrown up by the push of glacial fingers. All are of one pattern, sloping gently from the south and shearing off precipitately at the northern terminus. Only in a few other parts of the globe are they found, and then one or two or possibly half a dozen in a group. Bunker Hill is an example. Ireland boasts a few. But the drumlins of central New York are unique in their vast profusion, stretching far beyond view on all sides of Cumorah.

"This region is as phenomenal as Death Valley or the Grand Canyon," said Dr. Noble, who has mapped all of them for the government.

Mr. Hooper appeared gratified. "You say these drumlins aren't found anywhere else?"

"Only a very few. Nothing approaching this."

"And Cumorah is the best one?"

"So far as I have observed."

"It would be," said Mr. Hooper, placidly.

There is one question which all visitors who are doctrinally interested in Mormonism, and many who are not, ask. I asked it, too.

"What about polygamy?"

Mr. Hooper answered with perfect frankness. "We regard it as divinely inspired and advised."

"But you do not practice it now, do you?" I asked.

"Our religion imposes upon us obedience to the law of the land. A member practicing polygamy would be cited and expelled from the Church. I would report him myself if I knew."

The Saints, he further explained, abstain from tobacco, spirituous liquors, stimulants, and tea and coffee, the last two because the Church law forbids "hot drinks." This extends even to chocolate, cocoa, and other non-stimulating beverages.

FROM Cumorah, the historic trail the Mormons took diverges to Rochester, where one Thurlow Weed was conducting a newspaper in the late eighteen-twenties. Smith brought to him for publication as a book the translation of the inscriptions on the gold plates. Unfavorably impressed by his visitor, Mr. Weed rejected the job. Indeed, the manuscript presented difficulties as a printing job. Punctuation and capitals were wholly lacking. It abounded in exotic, proofroom-baffling names: Jarem, Zeniff, Mosiah, Ammaron, Nephi, Zarahelma, Ether, Liahona, Helaman, Lehi, Cariantumr. No funds backed the project. Smith assured the editor that the book would "sell largely." Mr. Weed thought not. He was wrong. Over the years, the Book of Mormon has been one of the world's big sellers.

A convert, Martin Harris, mortgaged his farm and turned over to Joseph Smith three thousand dollars. For this sum, E. B. Grandin, publisher of the *Wayne Sentinel*, contracted to print five thousand copies. Through some chicanery, Mr. Dogberry, the editor of a pungent rival weekly, the *Reflector*, got hold of advance proofs and in 1829 published in his columns extracts from the Book of Nephi, promising more with the ribald jest that further revelations would be "faithfully recorded in the Book of Punki." The outraged Prophet

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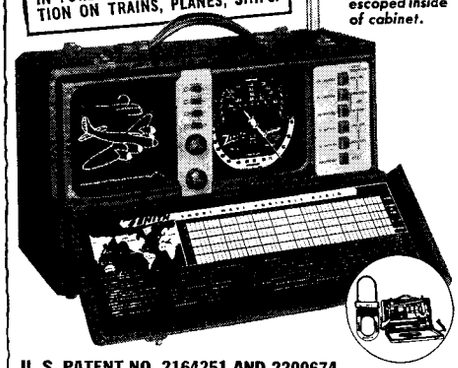

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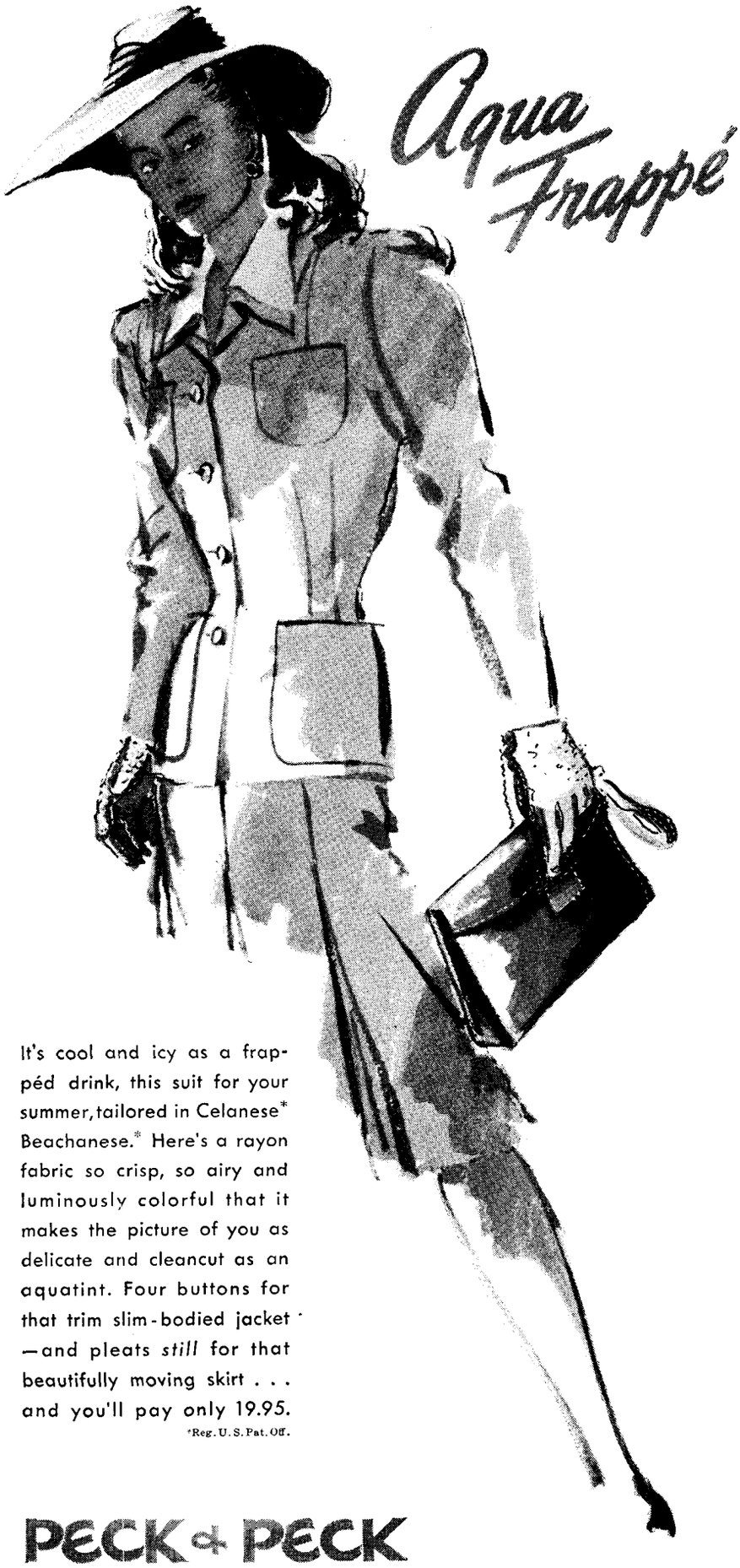

It's cool and icy as a frappéd drink, this suit for your summer, tailored in Celanese* Beachanese.* Here's a rayon fabric so crisp, so airy and luminously colorful that it makes the picture of you as delicate and cleancut as an aquatint. Four buttons for that trim slim-bodied jacket —and pleats *still* for that beautifully moving skirt . . . and you'll pay only 19.95.

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had to get out an injunction to check the piratical Mr. Dogberry.

This first edition of the Book of Mormon, published in 1830, is now a rarity. It is full of errors, grammatical and other. Wherever the Saints find a copy, they attempt to buy it, and, if successful, they sequestrate it. The building where the *Sentinel* (obit 1860) operated, on the north side of Main Street near the centre of the business section, is now a white-fronted store.

MOVING westward, the Mormon Church left no relict in Palmyra. The village willingly forgot Mormonism, unless as, through the years, its violent history made newspaper headlines. Not until 1915 did the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints make any move toward reëstablishing itself in its birthplace. Very prosperous by this time, it turned its eyes eastward with a view to historical acquisitions. Elder Willard Bean was the chosen instrument. He was sent to Palmyra from Salt Lake City to make converts, if possible, but particularly to make friends among a populace definitely suspicious, mildly contemptuous, and generally hostile.

Elder Bean, who today lives again in Salt Lake City, is an extraordinary person. In his younger days he fought a draw with Fireman Jim Flynn, a by no means despicable heavyweight. For a time he was a deputy sheriff in a tough Western town. He gradually impressed himself upon Palmyra as a lank, powerful, square-shouldered, brisk-moving, quietly friendly man with a fine baritone voice and a gift for amateur theatricals. At first, not having a church of his own, he accepted invitations to worship with other congregations, where he would answer Bible Class questions, though only when asked. Presently the clergy became suspicious and started an anti-Mormon backfire.

Meantime the Elder had become popular with the local youth by teaching them boxing and wrestling. Parents approved because he discouraged profanity, tobacco, and rough talk. When the campaign against him grew hot, the Elder put up what he termed "a defensive fight." In a letter he recently wrote me he said, "I hired a hall and gave three lectures. [For one of these he was billed as "The Fighting Parson" with a halftone cut showing him wearing boxing gloves and standing beside gymnasium apparatus.] People invited me to hold cottage meetings. . . . Held street meetings. Tried to stop us but we now had friends who stood by us. During 1925 we organized a Sunday School. We

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organized the Palmyra Branch, 1926, and held Sunday worship, Sunday School, Women's Relief Society, Young Peoples Mutual Improvement Association, and Boy Scouts." In a postscript Mr. Bean added, "The sentiment toward Mormonism when we first went to Palmyra was sub-zero. Now it is just the reverse. They coöperate with us in everything we do. We have checked out for property and improvements in that vicinity about $130,000."

To Mr. Bean's personality, popularity, and courage in his uphill fight is largely due the successful foundation of the Palmyra branch of the Mormon Church. When, after a quarter of a century as a Palmyran, he was recalled to Salt Lake City, the leading citizens and organizations of his adopted town gave him a farewell banquet which, though non-alcoholic, was quite lachrymose. His "A.B.C. History of Palmyra" is still held in high repute locally as a temperate and fair presentation of the town's story, from the Mormon viewpoint.

One purpose of the Bean mission was to acquire the property involved in the rise and progress of Mormonism. Through his efforts the Hill Cumorah, the Smith farm, the Sacred Grove, and the erstwhile Grange Hall have come into the possession of the Church. A rich and wily Quaker banker, Pliny T. Sexton, owned both the drumlin and the hall, as well as the original bound proof sheets of the Book of Mormon. From time to time attempts were made to purchase the properties, but Banker Sexton, whose interest in Mormonism was purely historical, evinced no inclination to sell, though local legend attributes to him a tentative offer to the Church to sell Cumorah for $100,000—"a hold-up," says Mr. Hooper. In 1928, Mr. Sexton having died, his estate accepted $53,000 for the hill, hall, and book.

—Samuel Hopkins Adams

•

He said that despite the governmental efforts of the last nine years, Ohio has far less rainfall than it formerly had. —*From an interview with Louis Bromfield in the Times Book Review.*

Well, maybe they haven't got it coordinated yet.

•

MOST HEARTENING NEWS OF THE WEEK

[*From a Washington paper*]

Dealing with the achievements of Italian troops on all fronts, the Duce said: "I have supreme certitude that tomorrow everywhere you will do the same as today."

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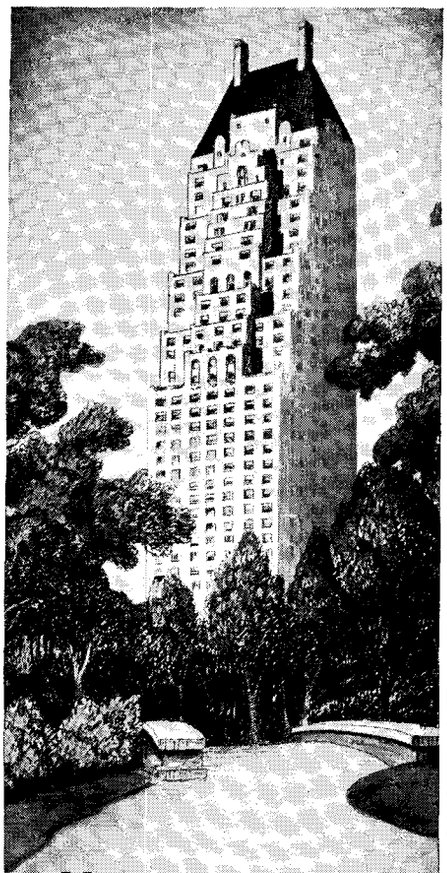
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NOTES ON SPORTS

Rumpus Over a Fracas

MARS is probably no better a planet than it should be, and I have never felt that a man from there had any clear right to come around and criticize, but if there was one here last weekend, reading the sports pages, he caught us at an awkward moment. Boxing writers have always been a flighty group, and on the subject of the Angott-Stolz lightweight-championship fight they never touched the ground at all. The trouble was that neither contestant was knocked cold for twenty-five minutes, which always causes a certain amount of uncertainty among the experts as to who the winner was. Friday's fight resulted in a split decision on the part of even the officials, the two judges awarding it to Angott in spite of the referee's minority opinion for Stolz, and this split decision resulted in a rowdier ruckus among the working press than what went on in the ring. A writer in the *Sun* said that it was lucky the judges had their wits about them, because the referee was plainly nearsighted, while three or four other writers said that it was mighty strange that the two judges agreed exactly on which rounds each fighter had won. A man on the *Herald Tribune* said that the referee was O.K. except for calling fouls on Stolz that nobody else had seen. A man on the *Journal-American* said that Stolz committed fouls, or he would have won. One writer said that what Stolz needed was a good one-two, and another said that Stolz knocked Angott down in the third with as pretty a one-two as you ever saw. One said that the decision came as a shock to Stolz, and another that Stolz said before it was announced that he was afraid he might have lost. Everybody spoke of Mr. Willie Ketcham as Stolz's manager except a columnist on the *Sun*, who said he was Angott's manager. Everybody agreed that it was an exciting fight except the sports editor of the *Herald Tribune*, who remarked glumly that it was a "stinkerino."

Well, I was there and thought that it was an exciting fight between two stinkerinos. It was exciting because both men hit each other all the time, but neither one can be any good because neither did any damage. Stolz was cer-

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tainly the fancier of the two, but he didn't seem to have the answer to Angott's system of taking a running start and leaping on him like a trick circus rider. He was obliged to beat a series of retreats, causing what harm he could in the manner of the Americans at Bataan. Angott was just about as popular as the Japanese, too. This the writers attributed to the fact that a good part of the crowd was from Newark, Stolz's home town, although how you distinguish a Newark citizen from the local fauna is a puzzle.

THE other major stir in the boxing world in the past couple of weeks was created by Billy Conn's breaking his hand in a tangle with his father-in-law, thereby nulling and voiding himself for an early return fight with Joe Louis. No report has ever been issued of how Mr. Smith, the father-in-law, came out, and fans and experts alike have been obliged to assume that he came out fine. The occasion for the scuffle was a christening, and Conn was not the only casualty. Mr. Milt Jaffe, a sporting friend of the family, fell downstairs and broke either an arm or a leg. Goings on around Conn are always apt to have a dynamic quality, owing to his conviction that people are trying to insult him and that the only answer to insult is injury. He was in a hotel room once with a friend who wanted to place a bet with another fellow on Conn in his next fight. The other fellow said sure, he'd take the bet, and Conn, feeling that the man's willingness was certainly a reflection on his own rugged skill, went after him and tried to tear him apart. By the time his friend could drag Conn off, the other fellow had decided not to bet after all.

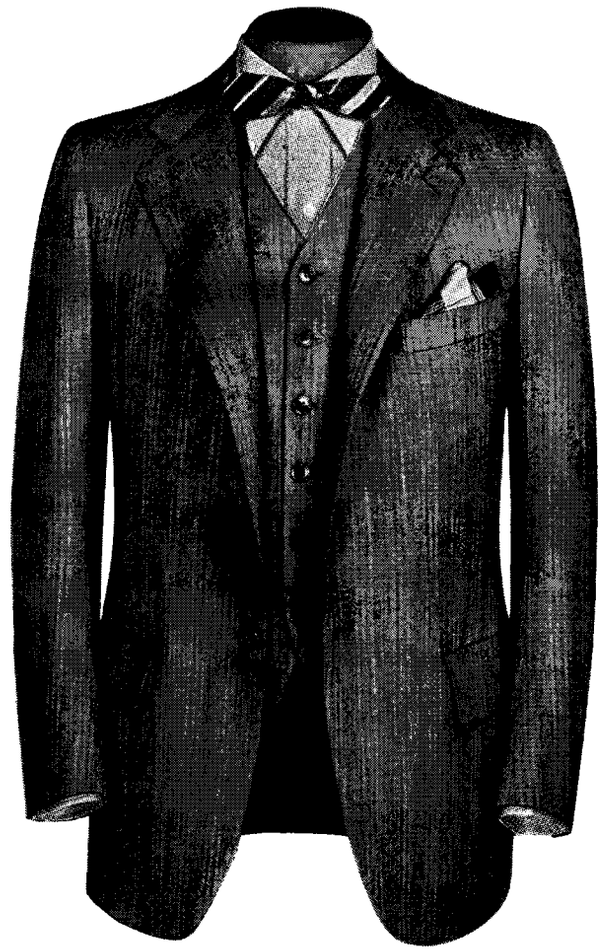
THERE is good excuse for confusion among the writers who cover crew races. Last Saturday, Princeton, which had until then looked like the least awesome outfit in these and other parts, pulled itself together and licked Cornell and Yale, which had until then looked like two of the most. That means that this Saturday, when Yale meets Harvard, it will be up against a crew that has beaten a crew that has beaten the Blue. (Which is a Clue.)

—DAVID LARDNER

•

A new report to the effect that Adolf Hitler is at Loggerheads with his generals reached London today.—*Wichita (Kan.) Beacon.*

Causing the Prime Minister to hurry back from Chequers?



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THE ARMY LIFE

XVII—REGULAR OUTFIT

PERHAPS half of a soldier's time on leave is devoted to the somewhat irritating task of explaining what the decorations clipped and sewn to his uniform mean. Many a mother whose son has come home from camp profusely adorned with pins and emblems has wrongly assumed that they represent decorations for heroism and has said as much to the neighbors before her embarrassed offspring could straighten her out, or at least silence her by pretending that the whole matter was a particularly delicate military secret. We wear these insignia on the left shoulders of our blouses and overcoats, and our lapels crawl with them. The shoulder emblems, colorful cloth discs, indicate which large military body we belong to —an army, an army corps, or, as in my case, a division. There are two sets of lapel ornaments. The upper set consists of two shiny brass buttons. The one on the right lapel says "U.S." and indicates that the bearer belongs to the Army of the United States, as distinguished from other armies. The one on the left shows what branch of the Army he belongs to; I wear crossed rifles, symbolic of infantry. Underneath these gleaming markers, and also on our service caps, we wear insignia indicating our regiment or some other comparatively small unit. I hope you've all been listening and that I won't have to explain this to any of you again—ever.

Soldiers in combat outfits wear their insignia only as long as they remain at their base camps, but for this period at least they have it all over men serving with station complements or other relatively immobile forces. The latter, with nothing on their shoulders and a minimum of jewelry on their lapels, look undressed to us combat men and appear to be self-conscious about their inelegance and on the whole rather dowdy. There are, however, two minor disadvantages to possessing as many handsome accessories as we have. One is that we are obliged to buy many of them ourselves, usually at arbitrarily high prices set by the trinket stores we support in Army towns. The other is that it has become increasingly popular among young ladies who used to be satisfied with three Greek letters and a frail gold chain to be seen decked out in regimental finery, with the result that we are constantly stripping our lapels to keep the womenfolk at home comfortably supplied. I know of one soldier, of the playboy type, who has bought twenty-seven regimental insignia in the last two months but has never had enough left at the end of a three-day pass to dress himself.

WHILE waiting to be assigned to some definite part of the Ninth Infantry Division at its base camp, Fort Bragg, North Carolina, and thus to be eligible to sport a full quota of insignia, I moved like a migratory bird, scarcely settling in one barracks before an order came to pack up and prepare to resettle. Packing up was little trouble, since I rarely had had time to unpack. Unfortunately, however, I had a lot of equipment to carry, in two swollen barracks bags and a few odd bundles, and every step I took made Atlas seem more like a man than a myth. I was further harassed during these evacuations by the fact that my birthday inconveniently occurred in the middle of them. I risked several cases of indigestion by gobbling foodstuffs sent to me by well-meaning members of my family. Every time a package arrived, the only sensible thing to do was to eat its contents at once, with whatever assistance was at the moment available. The grim alternative was to carry my food with me, like an already overburdened ant foolishly trying to shoulder a watermelon.

Waiting for something doesn't bother a soldier much. It is sometimes disturbingly associated, however, with hurrying. In fact, there is a little Army game, played perhaps more often at a big camp like Fort Bragg than at smaller posts, known as "Hurry and Wait." This is really not so much a game as a routine. First you rush pell-mell to get somewhere quickly in order to do something there, and then you wait endlessly in line to do it. Unless you hurry to begin with, the line you have to wait in is much longer than it would be if you had not hurried. Waiting for anything—a sandwich at the cafeteria, a telephone booth, a letter from a girl, a pass from a company commander—has its own special title: sweating it out. This applies even in cold weather. We have grown accustomed to hurrying to the Service Club for a late snack and having to sweat out a line there for forty-five minutes to order it, and to hurrying to some particularly attractive movie bill only to find out, after waiting for an hour, that there aren't going to be any empty seats. When we are getting inoculations against various diseases the Army wants us not to contract, we wait in line, and we wait in line when we get paid, too—one occasion on which it doesn't matter whether or not we hurry. We are paid by rank, and a private automatically heads for the rear of the line.

BEFORE joining a Regular outfit at Fort Bragg, I had been warned at my training camp by many a noncom who claimed to have my interests at heart that I had better watch my step. This was not advice directed at me alone; it was given with generous impartiality to any one patient enough to take it. The noncoms explained that while they, as everyone knew, had been notorious for the consideration they displayed toward us new soldiers, things would be different as soon as we hit the *Regular* Army—a term that they evidently felt should have an effect upon an impressionable recruit equal to the effect of "Take it—it's good for you" upon an impressionable child. Although we did not actually lie on the floor and kick our heels in protest against the anticipated woes of our first encounter with the Regulars, we saw no reason not to believe the harrowing tales that were gleefully recounted about their strength (superhuman), their estimate of our endurance (beyond any reasonable expectation), their fists (each one a loaded powder keg itching to be ignited), their vocabularies (four-letter words, combined with little grammar but much emphasis), and their diet (nails and acid, exclusively). We were therefore understandably shocked, when we met the Regulars, to hear a sergeant say "Thank you," a phrase we had been led to believe could never voluntarily escape from the rugged lips of a man of that rank.

When finally I got into a Regular company I was delighted and surprised to find that the men in it weren't so formidable and that none of them hit me, even accidentally. I was surprised, too, to find that the company already

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contained other selectees, who had also been absorbed into the Regular Army routine. There was even a Princeton man, unscarred and as happy as a lark around the barracks, who was able to read a book of poetry without being subjected to any noticeable abuse. There were also, of course, quite a few old "What Price Glory?" types, some of whom had been in service for a long time and did their best to live up to the standards set by Victor McLaglen. The star of this group unquestionably was my first sergeant, a bearlike man who had probably never heard of Princeton and seemed unperturbed by such deficiencies in his knowledge. When I went in to see him, on the morning of my arrival in his domain, he practically blasted me out of his office as he refused some simple request, a request so simple I have forgotten what it was. "Ah," he growled as I retreated from his lair, "you rookies are all alike." I was highly pleased by this admission that I conformed to type; at last I knew that they'd made a soldier out of me.

—Pvt. E. J. Kahn, Jr.

•

"Our present policy can be summed up in a few words. We want great stories—epic stories of American life.... The relationship of the sexes should be beautiful and inspiring, romantic and glamorous; never in bad taste. The taste of the American people is good. We want stories to be in good taste."—*Henry Lieferant, editor of True Story, quoted in Writer's Digest, March, 1942.*

But I wasn't sober enough to resist the swift flow of passion which swept through me as Chris stopped the car just off a grass-fringed side road, with a wood to the right and to the left of us, and took me in his arms. His mouth, crushed down on my own, robbed me of what little sense I had left by then, and I strained closer to him, my lips responding with as much passion as his own, my arms about him.

Dimly I heard him groan and felt his arms trying to push me away from him.

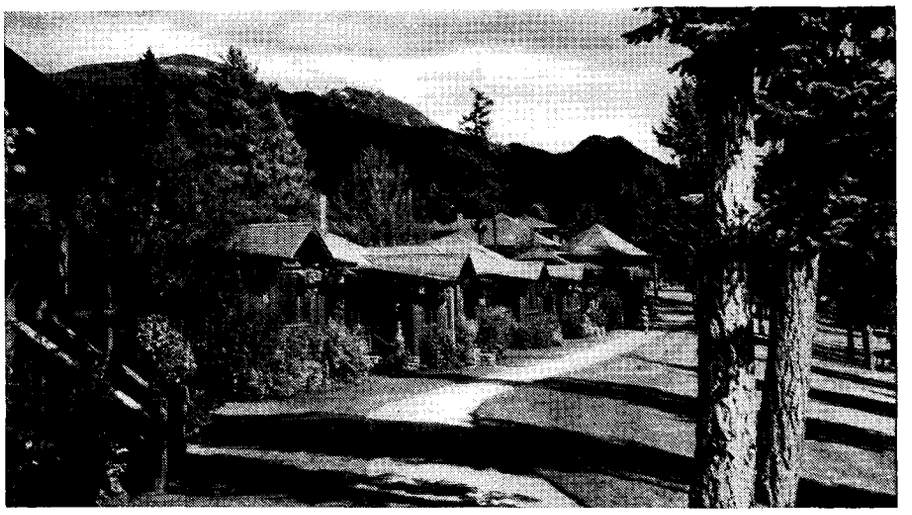
"Jane, I'm drunk," he said. "Make me take you home."

But instead of accepting the escape from the consequences of my own mad desire which he offered me, I clung more closely to him, and this time it was my lips that sought his.

Finally, without a word, he lifted me bodily out of the car and carried me into the deep shadow of the wood which lined the roadside.

Later, when we at last awoke to reality, both of us were more sober. Silently we walked back to the car, not kissing each other now, not even touching each other. —*From "The Man I Trapped," in True Story, May, 1942.*

Better get together with yourself, Lieferant.



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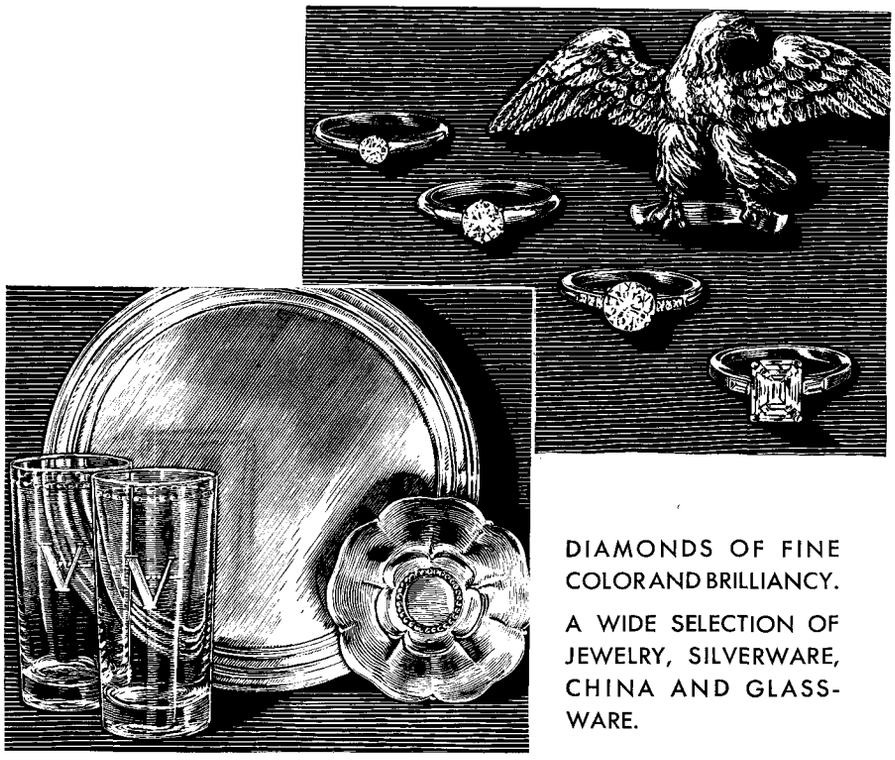

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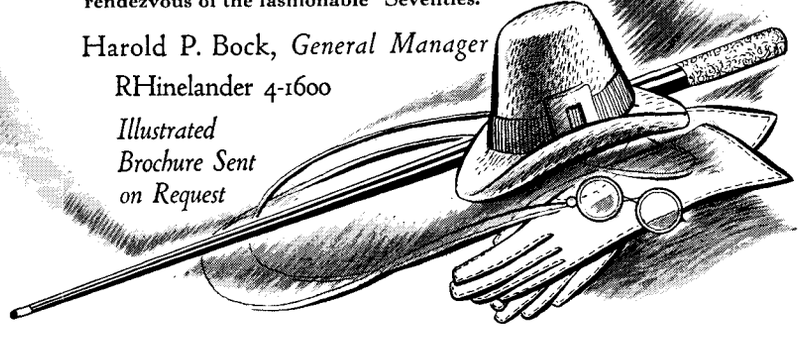

OF ALL THINGS

A BERLIN spokesman declares that Hitler's pledges not to use poison gas "hold as good today as ever." That is exactly what the civilized world fears.

•

Uncle Sam's well-known sense of humor has been put away for the duration. He does not wish to hear of any funny business in Martinique.

•

The President's request for gasoline-rationing publicity is causing some uneasiness on Capitol Hill. A congressman who has an "X" on his card may not get one on his ballot.

•

Earl Browder must have received a lot of benefit from his stay at the Atlanta resort. The views on the war that he brought out are much sounder than those he took in.

•

The U.S.O. reports that curtailed motor travel has caused a grave shortage of girls for dances. In ill-informed circles there already is ugly talk of rationing.

•

The men of our armed services are about to receive a handsome raise in pay. It is predicted that we shall soon have a complete set of fifty-buck privates.

•

They are about to start tearing down the Second Avenue "L." The resulting scrap iron will be presented to the Axis with New York's compliments.

•

Private Billy Conn, who broke his hand on his father-in-law, has not been disciplined by the Army. A man on furlough has a perfect right to do odd jobs around the house.

•

The New York Stock Exchange has been having itself a birthday party. It is 150 this week and looks every year of it.

•

Americans expect great things of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. Its leader, Major Oveta Culp Hobby, is a welcome addition to our armed forces and scenery.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

ALERT as fox terriers, the shops are proceeding on the hunch that it will be unbecoming this summer for women to spend their days lounging in cabañas or going in for exhibitionism on beaches while their men swelter at their toil. Our merchants, however, are convinced that there will be a substitute for the seashore in the form of sun-bathing on whatever roof is handy, iced drinks in back yards and on terraces, and cool informality when the sun sets. If a $7.95 crisp cotton can keep a man's soul from being any further tried when he gets home, they are for it.

Saks-Fifth Avenue bring the beach to the back yard in some highly ingenious ways. Consideration is shown here for people who feel that abbreviated pants and a skimpy bra are a splendid costume for sun-bathing but a bit naked for arguing with the plumber or greeting guests. Hence, many two-piece suits with the minimum of material are accompanied by long-sleeved, tailored shirts to match. The most involved costume in this collection is one fashioned of sharkskin in a big, sprawled floral pattern. It consists of baby pants with elastic at the bottom of the legs, a long-sleeved blouse that the mannequin wears unbuttoned to the waist to show a naughty glimpse of the infinitesimal bra beneath, and a pair of knee-length shorts of plain green rayon. In other suits here, for either bathing or sprawling, there is considerable enthusiasm for those simple dressmaker details which the Trade loves to call "sissy touches." One of the most beautiful sharkskin one-piece suits I have seen has tailored pleated ruffles around the decolletage of its shoulder-strap top and the hem of its skirt, and the space in between is all adroit princesse gores; it is astoundingly becoming to a variety of figures and has the advantage of being so well fitted through the ribs that the shoulder straps can be dropped for sun-bathing without giving you any feeling of uncertainty. This suit is $12.95, comes in reseda green, flame, turquoise, and other heavenly colors, and you can buy a matching knee-length circular cape that would be charming with evening dresses as well.

A sudden turn of fashion that has found favor everywhere is toward big, loose, easygoing blouses which help make hips seem slimmer. Saks has many of these, among them some very South American-looking crêpe affairs with deep V necks and wide sleeves which display rows of ruffles just before they are caught in at the wrist. A jockey blouse, Shocking pink on one side and pale blue on the other, has a white yoke and revers. A clinging blouse of rayon jersey, gathered at the front into two ends to be knotted as high or as low on the chest as you like, is an exception to this trend and would look well with even your best suit; it appears in wonderful hyacinth and flame colors, and, with plain sharkskin slacks dyed to match, makes one of the handsomest slacks suits in town; $29.95. Among gay little gimmicks, there are evening tuxedos of black rayon gabardine with black satin revers at the top and stripes down the pants; for utter femininity, look at sheer organdie dresses and pinafores, painted with flowers or Bambi deer. They can be worn over a linen play suit, say, with a round collar and pants scalloped at the bottom or over simple country dresses of blue chambray.

BONWIT TELLER have always had a mania for trim, masculine slacks of good fabrics that have no nonsense about them. The shop is currently proud of some perfect gray flannel ones which have a wide stitched band at the top that curves upward slightly on the diaphragm in front; these are $10.95, and you'd be hard put to it to do better without consulting your husband's cus-

"What would you suggest for a young lady riveter?"

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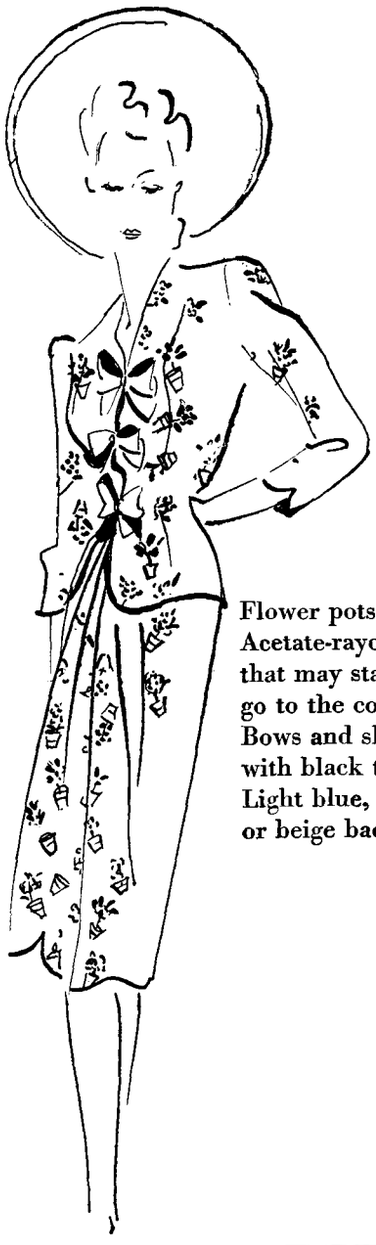

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Bows and sleeves faced
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Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK

tom tailor. (The same model also comes in black satin and sharkskin.) Pants in rayon with fly fronts and belts are $9.95; for $19.95, there are beautiful slacks in brown or navy English gabardine that are made just like a man's. On the other hand, Bonwit has on view a good many examples of Clarepotter's notions in evening pajamas. Some that are cut as spare as slacks are made of black or navy slipper satin and are designed to be worn with big-sleeved white Pierrot blouses. Others have pants so full that they resemble skirts (it will probably be some time before you'll be able to get anything like this again); still others are made of crêpe, plain in back and with deep pleats in front. Pants with wide, circular legs go with a black tailored blouse that has a cerise stripe down one side, a pale-blue one down the other, and a sash to envelop your waist. Another set, with slim pants this time, has a knee-length tunic of sharkskin cut along princesse lines and boasting a fluted round collar. Given an inch or two more in length, this would become one of the nicest dresses of the season.

There are quantities of inexpensive little full-skirted dresses here that have abbreviated baby bloomers to match—ideal for women whose idea of comfort in summer is to dispense with all underwear save a pair of panties and to wear nothing but washable dresses. Some are made of cottons in prim Liberty-type prints, some of striped chambrays, some of denim. They have freshness and charm, and there is a good selection, priced at $9.95. For swimming (and I mean actual swimming), Bonwit's pet suit is a rayon-taffeta Lastex one-piece affair which is plain at the back and has horizontal gathers across the stomach that pull taut when you don it (also

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$9.95); lovers of the traditional wool swimming suit with an attached skirt can find it here, in a nubbly woollen Lastex ($12.95).

THE cottons at Jane Engel, 1025 Madison Avenue (79th), include many suits, notably a handsome navy rayon-linen one with white hand stitching and big pockets that is ideal for a hot day in town. This is incredible value at $8.95; at from $17.95, there are suits of soft-blue Irish linen with embroidered scrolls applied down either side of their coats, as well as more formal brown rayons with doorknocker fastenings. Among an assortment of adorable cotton evening clothes is a chintz dress with a white background and pastel flowers that has a draped bosom and wide shoulder straps; $14.95. A more startling one is of black glazed chintz with red cabbage roses. For daintiness, look at red-and-white seersuckers with white grosgrain midriffs and sashes, and at flounced, striped rosebud dimities. There is a Bridal Department here, where wedding dresses begin at $19.95 (a charming one of white dotted Swiss has a bouffant skirt caught up with clusters of daisies) and where they also attend to nagging details involving floral decorations, photographs, and other frills. Happy the bride that Engel shines on, I always say. —L. L.

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Eight years ago, Ellis Dean, of Cochran's Creek, had ninety-three head of sheep. In that time he has sold sixteen head of ewes. Last spring he sold seven lambs. Today he has one ewe and one lamb. Bears are the answer.—*Pocahontas County (W. Va.) Times.*

Did we ask a question?

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QUALIFICATIONS:—To be commissioned in the Army of the United States applicants must possess high qualities of leadership and possess education or experience necessary to discharge the duties of an officer. There is no minimum educational qualifications required . . .—*Army information sheet.*

That must have been written by a private.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Boston Globe*]

In his capacity of an imported Marathon referee, Ferris has viewed with apparent unconcern runners who have competed without any jerseys on, or without any numbers, or upon the sidewalks, or who have accepted water and oranges from other than official rest stations, including the Mayor of Boston himself.

HAVE YOU HEARD FRAZIER HUNT'S first-hand reports on men and events in the news of the day? This noted news analyst and roving reporter is heard on the G-E Radio News Program broadcast every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening on the Columbia and the American (FM) Networks.

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THIRD NIGHTCAP, WITH HISTORICAL FOOTNOTES

IT was one o'clock, and the waiters were wishing the two young men would go home when Mead came into the bar and sat down. "Hello, Sheridan. Hello, Peters," he said, and paused until they invited him to join them.

Sheridan and Peters hadn't been in Hollywood long. When Mead came in, they were on the point of leaving, but they were more than willing to linger. After all, who were they, young writers who had written a mediocre Broadway success in collaboration, to walk out on the author of "The Days Beyond." That play had been required reading in Baker's course when they were at Yale, ten years ago.

Mead didn't care whether they were ready to leave or not. It was late and he was lonely. Bending his tall, unathletic body to the table, he slid into the booth. His restless, faded milk-blue eyes twitched behind their thick lenses as he observed his youthful, not yet twitching companions. His long, nervous fingers reached out for things with which to occupy themselves, arranging the water glass, a fork, and several matches into various designs.

"Have a drink, Mead?" Sheridan said, trying to keep the scholastic awe out of his voice.

"Thanks," Mead said. "Maybe one. A nightcap."

Sheridan beckoned the waiter.

"Can you imagine?" Mead said. "They don't even know who Firdousi is. That's Hollywood for you. Can you imagine living in a town fifteen years where they never even heard of Firdousi?"

"You mean Joe Firdousi, the agent?" Peters said.

"An agent they would have known," Mead said. "Up at Vonn's party, I'm talking about, playing 'Who Am I?' So I take Firdousi, and everybody screams it shouldn't count because he's too obscure."

The waiter brought Mead a straight Scotch without having to be told. When he tried to raise the glass to his lips, Sheridan and Peters saw that he was already drunk.

" 'Obscure!' I told them. 'So obscure the encyclopedia gives him a full page—that's how obscure!' So then Birdie Slocum, that noted historical scholar, says, 'I never heard of such a man.' So I told Birdie, 'That's because his name has never been in the Hollywood *Reporter*.' "

"Did you really tell her that?" Sheridan asked, his eyes wide with admiration. Birdie Slocum was the wife of Mead's producer.

Mead twirled the empty whiskey glass. "I don't know how to play that game in this town," Mead said. "If you pick Hitler or Roosevelt, they get sore because they think you're insulting their intelligence. And if you pick anything tougher than that, they think you're trying to show off."

Peters and Sheridan said nothing. They were afraid Mead was going to ask them if they knew who Firdousi was. "Have another?" Sheridan urged.

"Well, all right," said Mead. "But this *is* the nightcap. Firdousi. The greatest poet in the history of Persia. The author of 'The Book of Kings.' Even the savage tribesmen in the hills recite Firdousi."

The waiter brought Mead his drink and he raised it in a toast. "To Firdousi," he said, "whom Birdie Slocum will never know." Sheridan and Peters shook their heads sadly.

"And last week it was Tilly," Mead said. "And Vonn wouldn't count him, either. Can you beat that? A German and he never heard of Tilly. Tilly, the Catholic general. The Thirty Years' War. It's like an American not knowing Washington." He removed his glasses and rubbed his pale eyes irritably. "And the week before that, Vico, the Italian philosopher. And before that, Timothy Dwight."

Mead studied the two young men with pensive amusement. His baldness made his face look as if it had been drawn on an egg, the narrowing end down, the forehead broad and bulbous. "Fifteen years in a town that never heard of Firdousi or Tilly or Vico or Dwight," he said.

"Have another one," Sheridan said.

"But this really has to be the nightcap," Mead said. "I've got a conference with Slocum at nine."

AFTER the third nightcap, Mead said, "When I was your age, at least I used to stand for something. I was a Socialist. I voted for Debs. Now I haven't got enough freedom of speech to talk back to Birdie Slocum."

The waiter yawned and turned off one light after another with ostentatious discretion.

"Don't make so much noise turning off those lights," Mead said to him. "Remember, there are people here trying to sleep."

The waiter pretended to laugh, and Sheridan and Peters looked at each other in mutual acknowledgment of Mead's reputation for repeatable quips. They were ready now to make a night of it.

Mead smiled. He was not going to keep that nine-o'clock date in the morning. He was going to sit up with these boys, impress them with his wit and knowledge, get good and drunk, and have his secretary call Slocum in the morning to say he was sick. "I know what let's do," he suggested. "Let's play one quick game. I am somebody whose name begins with 'C.' Who am I?"

Sheridan's and Peters' faces became sober. Suddenly, when they had thought all danger was past, they were caught.

Sheridan, reaching back into freshman history, said slowly, "Are you a brilliant French economist of the mercantile period?"

"No," Mead said, smiling, warming to the game. "I am not Jean Baptiste Colbert. . . ." —BUDD SCHULBERG

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DEPT. OF HIGHER EDUCATION
(GERTRUDE STEIN DIVISION)

[*From "Tense Significance as the Time of the Action," by Oscar E. Johnson*]

Thus, since a time that is past or future relatively to a past or future present may, like the speaker's current present or a time which is past or future relatively to the speaker's current present, be not only a time of the action—in which case we do not go beyond the secondary times, the time of the action being here simply a "local" time (whether the time of a temporal fact viewed as a whole or a time in relation to which a temporal fact is viewed as of a certain status) in grammatical-temporal relation to a secondary present—but a time in relation to which a different time is viewed as past or future, we may have a tertiary present and so a tertiary past and a tertiary future; specifically, thus, the following grammatical times of the action: a past at a past at a past (=a time which is past relatively to a present which is past relatively to a past present), a future at a past at a past, a past at a future at a past, a future at a future at a past, a past at a past at a future, a future at a past at a future, a past at a future at a future, and a future at a future at a future.

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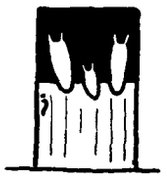
THE RACE TRACK

No Complaints



THERE was as much good racing at Belmont Park last week as most tracks have during a long meeting. At least, I haven't seen anything to mellow my heart more all season. Possibly I'm a pushover for the place, but I have a feeling that performances like those of Attention in the Metropolitan Handicap, Omission in the Toboggan, Fairaris in a six-furlong sprint, and Bright Willie in the Swift Stakes had something to do with it, to say nothing of the romp of Jack S. L. in the Jockey Club Plate and the blanket finish of Quakertown, Ack-Ack, Cuantos, and Afghanistan in a little claiming number. Even the same old $1,500 selling-platers that I had watched in Miami and Maryland seemed more up to snuff than usual.

I don't suppose Attention ever ran better than he did in winning the Metropolitan. Meade rode him well, too, timing his run for the lead perfectly. There may be a different story in the Suburban a week from Saturday, because the distance will be a quarter of a mile more, which will favor Market Wise and Whirlaway. Whatever happens, Attention, one of the few racers raised recently in New York (he was foaled on Mrs. Parker Corning's farm near Albany), has won the first of the three classic handicaps, the others being the Suburban and the Brooklyn. He has also won a purse of $11,300 and the huge silver cup which Señor Manuel Prado, President of Peru, offered for the event and presented with Latin-American gusto. My travelling outside man reports that there's pretty good racing in Peru and that Señor Prado is no stranger at the meetings there. By the way, the Peruvian President never asked anyone, not even Herbert Swope, for a tip last Saturday.

I CAN'T think what to make of Omission. After winning the Toboggan, which I am pleased to report was run over the straight Widener Course, where it belongs, he was distanced in the Metropolitan. Perhaps the effort on the opening day took too much out of him.

You may add Fairaris to your list of the better three-year-olds. He's an English colt who came down from Canada

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last autumn, won two races at Jamaica, and has been resting here ever since. Now R. S. McLaughlin, who owns him, hopes to win the Withers Mile with him at Belmont this weekend. Fairaris may give Alsab plenty of trouble, too, if he shows the speed he did in that sprint the other afternoon. The Withers will be worth seeing, for the other starters will include Bright Willie, Requested, Sun Again, and probably Devil Diver.

Offhand, I think the best two-year-old out at Belmont last week was Mrs. Payne Whitney's Hickory Head. I liked the way he held the more experienced Best Irish, the pride of the Wheatley Stable, safely all through the stretch. There is a lively argument as to how well Jack S. L. would go in a match with George Widener's Red Sonnet. Having mislaid my crystal ball, I wouldn't try to guess. However, if Red Sonnet's stablemate, Camptown, becomes as nimble as he is handsome, we'll really see something. As for Jack S. L., A. H. Morris made no mistake in leasing him from Tony Pelleteri for the Jockey Club Plate; the scarlet Morris jacket, the oldest colors in American racing, was always in front.

EVERY now and then something surprising turns up, like, for example, the Good and Plenty Steeplechase, which Kent Miller's Elkridge won at $54.50 last Saturday. All the horse-and-hounds boys believed that Louie Stoddard's Straw Boss simply couldn't lose, even though he hadn't been out in nearly two years. They were wrong. Straw Boss led until two jumps from home and then gaily tossed his jockey. Immediately the sky seemed darker, and nobody in the Turf and Field Club enclosure cheered as Elkridge galloped in. The International Steeplechase, earlier in the week, and the riding of Pete Bostwick, who won it on his Cottesmore, were something to remember. I would like to suggest that a few more races like that would revive my faith in Santa Claus. I'd settle for two a meeting, but I doubt if anything will come of it.

COLONEL MARTINGALE wishes that the parades in the paddock walking ring were longer—at least twice around—and that those to the post were shorter. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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RESTAURANTS

Far from Fancy

IT might be the current interest in politics that's drawing streamlined bohemians to the sort of café that used to flourish in Europe. You know what I mean: places where the bar overshadows the kitchen without making them saloons and the food is better than ordinary and often downright good. No one in such spots seems to care what time you turn up or what you elect to do when you get there, much less how long you hang around. A cup of coffee gets the same amount of attention (which isn't much) as a bottle of wine or a meal, most of the clients are on speaking terms with the management, and, all in all, there is a cozy, cracker-barrel atmosphere of chit-chat, game-playing, and newspaper-reading. Here are a few diversified cases in point, some of which serve hard liquor and some of which don't.

Le Bistro (that's the word, all right), at 794 Third Avenue (49th), is a fairly new and relatively self-conscious example. There's a napkin rack on the wall, for one thing (and wouldn't they be surprised if they had to come around to using it someday?), and the decorations are rather on the tricksy side, which bothers me a little but appears to go fine with everybody else. In the evening it's best to plan on an interval at the bar with an *apéritif* (no strong drink here), because the place is usually crowded then and you'll otherwise probably have to droop aimlessly in the doorway while you wait for a table. Sitting where you can see the spirited goings on in the kitchen through a glass panel in the service door helps take your mind off how close the tables are to each other. You get a choice of hors-d'œuvres, not a collection—sausage with garlic, for instance, or the house's own rich *pâté*. Then you get onion soup or something equally sustaining, after which you make up your mind about snails, tripe, mussels, or firmer items, like minute steak. Plenty of *frites*, salad with more garlic if you can take it, fresh fruit, and coffee wind up the menu. The place is all right at night and better for lunches that run past the lunch hour.

Le Moäl's, at 811 Third Avenue (50th), is one of those spots where somebody and his friends are perpetually slapping cards on a checked tablecloth or discussing something momentous, often in French. The high spirits achieved here on wine and beer may make you wonder why you ever take anything stronger. At lunch, which they serve without a quiver right up to dinner, you can have alligator pear, if you're sick and tired of hors-d'œuvres, or one of several soups. Then, with a list that includes calf's brain *vinaigrette*, chops, sweetbreads, and any sort of omelet, you ought to be able to make out. Drinks begin modestly with a fine concoction known as *rince-cochon*, which turns out to be only white wine and lemon, and rise as high as imported champagne in quarts.

THE Café Brittany, at 807 Ninth Avenue (53rd), is so plain that you wouldn't even call it picturesque unless you saw it reproduced, triangular shape and all, somewhere else in town. The sign near the strident juke box about dancing not being allowed is not put there for atmosphere but to restrain the more exuberant of the clients, who drop in in shirtsleeves to drink and chat in French with the boss across the full-fledged bar. The menu is short and the dishes are à la carte. There's onion soup, and it's good. There's steak, broiled chicken, and three sorts of chops (lamb, veal, and pork), all served with excellent fried potatoes and well-cooked vegetables. I had a piece of honest Brie the night I was there, and I imagine that that sort of thing with fresh fruit is standard fare for the end of a meal on these premises, although you may prefer to look into the pancake possibilities. Ninth Avenue being Ninth Avenue, it's advisable to wear your protective coloring when you go. You'll need it as you never did before.

The same setup in a different language is a Spanish place called the Sevilla, at 62 Charles Street, in the Village. They like to see you really eat here, so go with a rousing appetite unless you want to break their hearts. The table-d'hôte dinner is long and abundant, with extremely good lentil soup, chicken casserole or some equivalent, cream cheese with guavas, etc. The more remarkable things are generally listed à la carte—dishes with names like *angulas de butrón al pil pil*, which have to be translated for me every time I come upon them. The management, despite having all kinds of semi-strange cookery on its mind, still stands ready to fit you out with a simple sandwich or a rarebit, which I call being most things to most men. Incidentally, the Sevilla has as impressive a liquor list as you'll see in places of this sort—Pernod, tequila, Fundador, and I don't remember what all.

RUNNING ON: Bleeck's (the Artists' and Writers' Club, if you insist), at 213 West Fortieth Street, knows as much as any hangout about all this standing around, sitting around, and drinking around. A lot of people forget that you can eat there, too. . . . Billy's, at 1020 First Avenue (56th), with its gaslight fixtures and monumental refrigerator, produces steaks and steak sandwiches whenever it suits you. . . . I see people taking their ease around Carlou's, at 785 Lexington (61st), every time I pass by, and the food is interesting if you like such things as beef à la mode with red cabbage and potato pancake. . . . I think Charley's, at 317 West Twenty-sixth Street, is worth struggling down to for *zuppa di vongole* (clams dished up with shells and broth, like mussels), and Swiss-Italian-border food, such as roulade of veal with rice, hot sausage with spaghetti, spareribs with hot slaw, and pot roast with noodles. They toss a satisfactory salad together and the menu carries American coffee with cream as well as the French variety. If you need glamour and gaiety with good, plain food, though, you'd best stay uptown. . . . Glamour, incidentally, is extravagantly in bloom at the new Vie Parisienne, 3 East Fifty-second Street, where Bernard Lamotte's mural of a narrow French street has old-fashioned Francophiles weeping into their wine. The proprietor wants you to feel as thoroughly at home there as you would, say, on Ninth Avenue and suggests a game of gin rummy or *belote* to start you relaxing. La Vie Parisienne opened too late for me to sample its food in time for this installment, but a chef from the old Paris Larue is in charge, so I guess there's not a great deal to worry about.

—SOUBISE

•

The Crimean War had no startling effect on international politics, and France and Austria persuaded England to withdraw in 1856. But there were several important results of the conflict: a battle at Balaclava gave Tennyson the subject of his "Charge of the Light Brigade"...
—*From "The Historical Background of English Literature," by N. S. Bushnell.*

Just like this present war, which gave us "Deep in the Heart of Texas."

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

That Odd Miss Lake

THERE is nothing that is so startling, I suppose, in the varied arrangements of quick killings and desperate escapes, of Fifth Column plottings and night-club intrigue which are the basic and familiar elements of "This Gun for Hire." The film, however, assembles a group of young and youngish persons who are not oppressively familiar to us as yet, and presents them in such strange rôles and under such bizarre circumstances as to be in itself altogether quite a surprise.

Alan Ladd has appeared in occasional parts hitherto, yet he can hardly be well known to many for so pathological and persuasive a performance as the one of the murdering mercenary he gives us here. He seems to be a rather agreeable killer, his felt hat pulled down at a frivolous angle, his mouth only a trifle sullen. A different kind of mugg, smooth and with even a parlor manner, he may start a vogue for a new species of melodrama—stories of nervous and gentle and sensitive gunmen, without a trace of human kindliness anywhere about them. Young and endearing, they are brought up, we are told, by cruel aunts who never try to understand them, and what heart they have got they give to the care of their pets, sad cats and mongrels and such. Mr. Ladd's interpretation is a model, and we find we have sympathy for him as he is shot to death by the cops at last. As another villain, Laird Cregar, too, is masterly. We see him as the sinister, stout type, with a taste for fine living. Not for him, of course, the actual brutality of shooting and violence. Those details he merely arranges and pays for. He is a little fussy, dislikes discord and rudeness, but has found that treason pays. Publicly he is known as the proprietor of a night club, in which respectable capacity he encounters Miss Lake. And strange as all these figures are, Veronica Lake is still stranger.

My own feeling is that Miss Lake is a woman of destiny, coming, as she does, from the chill, northern, Lake Placid region of our state to face a curious film career. She startled us all, you remember, when she was tucked in among the

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bombs in a bomber plane in "I Wanted Wings," only by some miracle not being dropped upon air wardens of some blacked-out village. Whether it is simply her lackadaisical hair-do or the exquisite effect she suggests of a wink combined with rigor mortis, the poor child's graces are alarming. When she smiles, as she does perhaps twice in this film, hearts can be heard to break—smack—throughout the loges, and the tougher element upstairs have to shout their ecstasy. There can be no question, I should say, that this Miss Veronica Lake is most unusual, and, in her way, quite gifted.

AFTER "This Gun for Hire," Steinbeck's "Tortilla Flat" seems to deal with quite average and saintly human beings of a sort we all know well. This certainly is not true, for the *paisanos* of Monterey, those descendants of the Spanish of the earlier days, keep well to themselves, and bother not at all with the parvenus who are responsible for the present California. The film misses no quality of their special and alien characteristics except when it elides a few of the less savory and stresses the quaint and the picturesque. As a gypsy leader, Spencer Tracy may be a bit too magisterial, heavy-shouldered, and broad-browed. Hedy Lamarr and John Garfield have no trouble with the problems of innocent amour, the noisy misunderstandings of a great passion in an ideal climate, and swing through the paces with considerable zest. Frank Morgan has been allowed perhaps to overwhelm the general scene as a vagabond with delusions. Thinking he has had a vision of St. Francis of Assisi, he has collected the stray dogs of the locality and become a character unsettling to the utterly idle society of the place. This touch of the mystical, though, may in its way enhance the film's richness. I think it seems more in order than the occasional spasms to work that overcome the characters. There is clearly a charm about the whole affair, and surely Mr. Steinbeck understands his shiftless *paisanos* far better than he does his Nazis. —JOHN MOSHER

•

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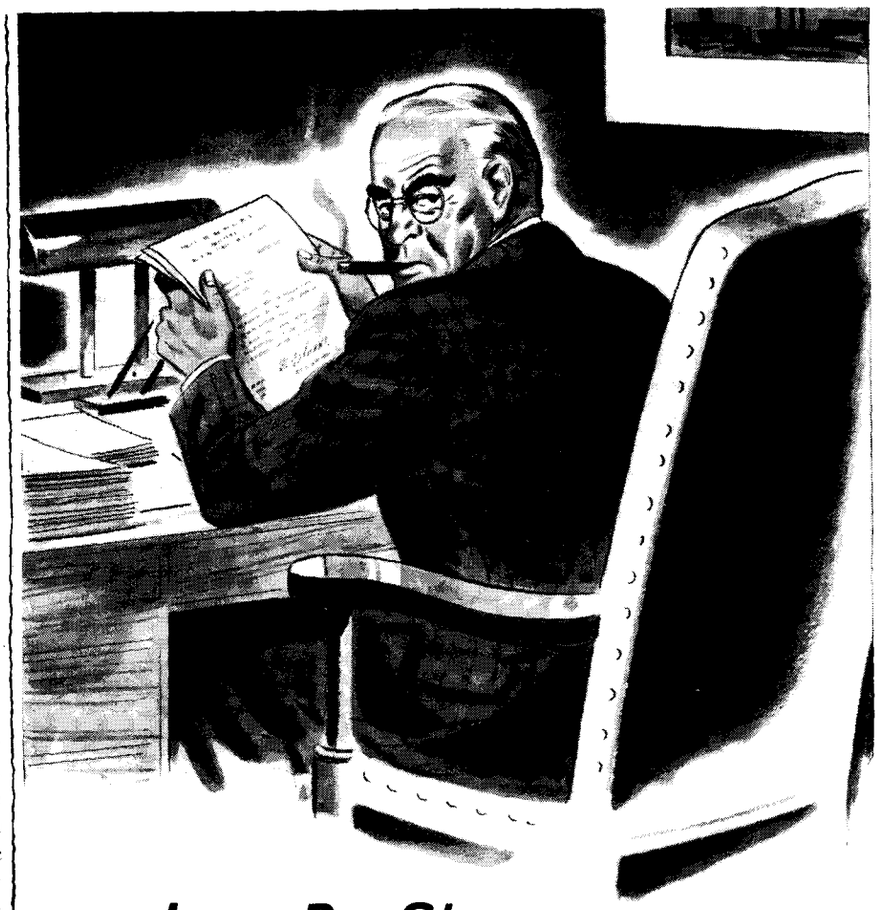

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BOOKS

The Children's Shelf

THERE are fewer children's books with backgrounds of American history this spring than there were last fall, more on South America. On the whole, the writers of children's literature at last seem to be taking in their stride the matters that concern us all so vitally these days—what democracy means, our American heritage, what our neighbors to the south are like. These subjects still are prevalent but they are less self-consciously handled than they used to be. Books about South America, for instance, appear to come out of the Latin countries rather than to be written about them by casual travellers. For some strange reason, violent storms are on the authors' minds this year; no fewer than five of hurricane force figure in the books reviewed below. Since summer is the best time of year to read about nature, a special group of books on natural science has been assembled in the lists which follow.

THE first list of books consists of picture books or stories to be read aloud to very young children:

POKEY BEAR, pictures and story by Helen and Alf Evers. The creators of the now famous "Copy-Kitten" have, in Pokey Bear, the slowest of all the slow Bear family, devised another picture-book animal likely to amuse the babies. Even the snail runs away from Pokey.

THE TRUCK THAT FLEW, pictures and verse by Dudley Morris. To help himself go to sleep, Timothy Timpkins thought "Of dogs and cats and skunks and ducks, But most of all he thought of trucks," and finally one night he thought of a truck which *flew*. Perfect fare for mechanically minded and imaginative small boys. Bold line-and-color pictures.

EFFELLI, written and illustrated by Margot Austin. Margot Austin's "Peter Churchmouse" has come to be a first favorite, and her new little elephant, Effelli, may prove to be as popular as her mouse. Effelli, in the pictures, looks like a stuffed-velvet toy elephant and the story is a little on the cute side too.

ELIZABITE, THE ADVENTURES OF A CARNIVOROUS PLANT, rhyme and pictures by H. A. Rey. The strangest character yet to be celebrated in a children's book is Mr. Rey's carnivorous plant, Elizabite. Elizabite's misdeeds, which lead to her eventual incarceration in a barred cage at the zoo, are recounted in rhymed couplets and hilarious four-color pictures calculated to amuse children from five years old up to almost any age.

NICODEMUS RUNS AWAY, written and illustrated by Inez Hogan. The saga of Nicodemus, the little colored boy, continues its artful and joyous way. In the new book he tries to run away from Mammy and the chores, but since he has to take his baby sister and brother along, running away proves to be even more trouble than staying at home.

PETER PIPER'S PICKLED PEPPERS, by Mabel Leigh Hunt, illustrated by Katherine Milhous. A pretty, pocket-size book of antique design which, like the author's "Billy Button's Butter'd Biscuit," extends the story begun in the old, tongue-twisting jingle. Pocket-size people (preferably five to seven years old) ought to have lots of fun pronouncing all the "p"s the prose is peppered with.

THE ANNIE MORAN, by Edith Thacher Hurd, illustrated by Clement Hurd. City children have always taken an affectionate interest in the harbor tugboats, and they will like this story about the spunky old Annie Moran (of the New York Harbor Morans), who proves herself still game in spite of her advanced years. Straightforward text matched by good, factual pictures in orange and green.

FOR convenience, as well as to abet Mr. Nelson Rockefeller in his coördinating efforts, some of the best of the books about South America (a few of them written or illustrated by South Americans) are grouped together in the list which follows:

MARIA ROSA, by Vera Kelsey, illustrated by Candido Portinari. A picture book de luxe, illustrated by Brazil's leading artist. The brief story of a small Brazilian girl's first visit to a carnival in Rio is gaily told and is perhaps the first South American story to deal with a well-heeled little Good Neighbor instead of a peon or an Indian. Portinari's big pictures are, of course, distinguished of their kind, half of them being in luscious and melting color. That young North Americans can make much out of their impressionistic, semi-naïve, semi-sophisticated technique seems dubious to this reviewer.

THE ARMADILLO AND THE MONKEY, written and illustrated by Luis Jardim, translated by Maria Cimino. Another Brazilian writes this sharp animal fable about unscrupulous Dr. Monkey and vengeful Armadillo and illustrates it with red, black, and white pictures which have humor and originality.

THE BURRO THAT LEARNED TO DANCE, by Harry Levy, with illustrations by Howard Simon. This attractive small picture-and-story book for five- to eight-year-olds has a Peruvian Andes setting

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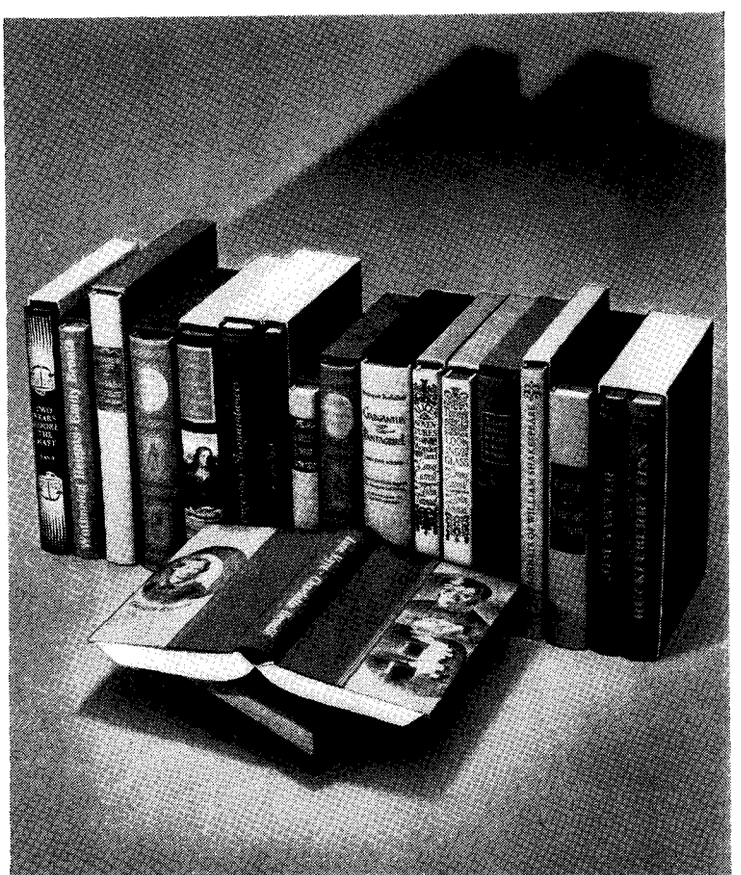

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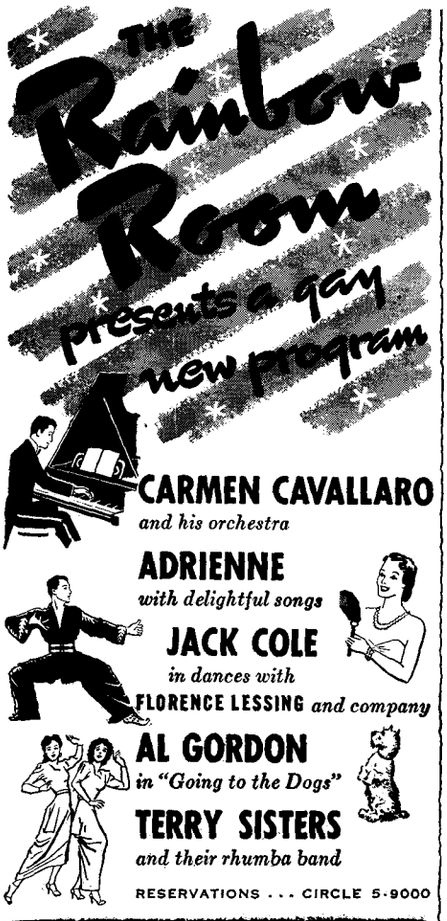

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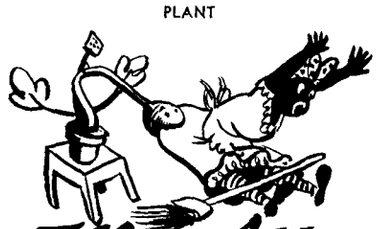

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and tells how a countryman's sad burro at last turned cheerful on a certain gay Sunday in town. First-rate pictures in two colors and black-and-white.

SANDALIO GOES TO TOWN, by Katherine Pollock, illustrated by Rafaello Busoni. For slightly older children than the last book, this is an appealing story about a Chilean country boy of today who goes to the greatest lengths to keep his family's beloved cow and calf from being sold. Sandalio himself is thoroughly likable and his wonderful scheme to sell milk right in the cow leads to entertaining adventures in the strange city of Valparaiso.

THE BOY WHO COULD DO ANYTHING, AND OTHER MEXICAN FOLK TALES, by Anita Brenner, illustrated by Jean Charlot, and IN MEXICO THEY SAY, by Patricia Fent Ross, illustrated by Henry C. Pitz. Two good collections of stories from Mexico. The first book, consisting of folk tales and animal fables, is illustrated by a Mexican artist whose thin-line drawings are curiously Thurberesque; the second, which includes fairy tales, legends, and stories of princes as well as peasants, is illustrated handsomely in line and color. DON COYOTE, by Leigh Peck, illustrated by Virginia Lee Burton, is another book of humorous folk tales, some of which come from Mexico indirectly, through the Mexicans and Indians of our own Southwest. All the stories tell of the exploits of old man coyote, the wisest of the animals. Interesting illustrations in color.

TUPAK OF THE INCAS, by Philip Means, with editorial assistance from Alice Dalgliesh, illustrations by H. M. Herget. Ten- to thirteen-year-olds, if they have the moral stamina to take on a whole new civilization, can be initiated into the mysteries of an earlier South America and the strange society of the Incas, which form the background of this unusual book. When the story opens, the boy Tupak, born of the imperial house, has lost his princehood because his father murdered his mother. The narrative concerns the years of effort by which he regains it.

NEXT follow the storybooks of every sort—the mainstay of the list. They start with books for beginning readers and progress gradually to those for the junior-high-school and high-school age groups:

JOHNNY JUMP UP, by John Hooper, illustrated by Regina Bode. This pleasing little book has an earlier-generation State of Maine setting. The narrative is as simple as can be: eight-year-old Johnny drives the mail stage from Castine to Bucksport and back, all by himself—no mean undertaking. Well illustrated.

PRIMROSE DAY, written and illustrated by Carolyn Haywood. In easy language and printed in large type for beginning readers, this book, like Miss Haywood's earlier ones, deals with the small, everyday concerns which are of such intense interest to girls of six and seven. The young heroine, an English refugee, is quite as charming and true to life as the very American Betsy of the previous books.

PETER ON THE MIN, by Dorothy Clark, illustrated by Weda Yap. A gentle story of two boys, sons of an American missionary in prewar China, whose calm adventures are at the same time exotic and homely. The author writes that she hoped to "portray the Chinese as these children knew them," and the result is a warmhearted appreciation of a kindly and humorous people.

STORM ON THE ISLAND, written and illustrated by Eleanor Frances Lattimore. An unpretentious, well-written, quietly satisfying story of a family who, with their white and Negro neighbors, are marooned on an island off the Carolina coast by storm and high water. The storm, though exciting, is always subordinated to what happens inside all the people of the book (especially inside nine-year-old Rose Ann and her brother), a subtle thing which, when the hurricane passes, makes the children feel more grown up.

COAST GUARD TO GREENLAND, by Anne Molloy, illustrated by John L. Delano. Almost any boy of eight to eleven ought to like this agreeably told story of ten-year-old Greg, who makes his first voyage on the Coast Guard cutter of which his father is captain and stops over unexpectedly in Greenland. No war, no wild adventures, but plenty of interesting events and background, plus a convincingly drawn boy. Good pictures in blue crayon.

HOUSEBOAT SUMMER, by Elizabeth Coatsworth, illustrations by Marguerite Davis. Placid reading for the sort of child who, like the brother and sister of the story, would find perfect happiness in living for a summer on a houseboat anchored in a Maine lake. A new canoe, explorations and picnics, the danger in a bad thunderstorm are the elements to which the children react, and their reactions are observed with Miss Coatsworth's usual sensitivity to childish mood and character.

SNOW HILL, by Lorraine and Jerrold Beim, illustrated by Nicholas Panesis. A very readable story about the first year of a small farm boarding school in Vermont and the nine totally different children (one of them an English refugee) who are the pupils there. The children seem real; their problems, derelictions, and excitements will interest other children. Skiing and maple-sugaring play quite a part in the plot.

LONNIE'S LANDING, by Charlie May Simon, illustrated by Howard Simon. A story of pioneering and land speculation in Tennessee in the eighteen-thirties which is many cuts above the usual "pioneer book." Thanks to Miss Simon's skillful and sympathetic writing, the Mississippi wilderness, the settlement which grows out of it, and the white children and adults and Indians of her tale all take on color and reality.

SNOW TREASURE, by Marie McSwigan, illustrated by Mary A. Reardon. This is probably the most effective children's

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book to have come out of the present war. Based on an actual and touching incident, it tells how a group of Norwegian children carried $9,000,000 in gold bullion on their sleds past the Nazi sentries of an occupied town and safely smuggled it aboard a sailing ship bound for America. Intense reading for any child from nine to twelve years old.

THE GOLDEN SUMMER, by Leclaire Alger, pictures by Aldren A. Watson. This charming book about Slovak village life in the days just before the war assembles a lovable cast of characters. Two of them start on a surreptitious and dangerous journey to America, but the story also involves quieter matters, such as how the village band, forty children strong, makes a comic three-day march to a distant town in order to compete in a music festival. The writing is so good that young readers will have a sense of participation in the life of this remote and golden village. The book is also particularly well designed and illustrated.

THE BIRTH OF A NATION'S SONG, by K. L. Bakeless, illustrated by George Fulton. Despite its rather dreadful title, this short book tells an episode of American history in thoroughly interesting fashion, recounting not only how Francis Scott Key wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the circumstances of the Song's publication but also how the great flag which so gallantly streamed over Fort McHenry came to be made.

THUNDER ISLAND, by William S. Stone, illustrated by Mordvinoff. A South Sea Island tale of first quality and almost certain to please eight- to twelve-year-old readers. The islanders of the story and their idyllic though storm-swept island have verisimilitude (there is a wonderful crippled old grandfather who lives in a red wheelbarrow) and for young readers may create almost the enchantment that "Van Zanten's Happy Days" does for their elders. The illustrations in bright color and pen-and-ink are unusual, combining style, humor, and beauty.

MISSIE LEE, written and illustrated by Arthur Ransome. The Swallows and the Amazons, the British children who are rightly the most popular group of young people currently between the covers of children's books, here cruise new waters, off the coast of prewar China. Their far from peaceful adventures, which involve a remarkable Chinese lady pirate who likes to teach Latin, are less probable but even more engrossing than those of the earlier Ransome books. Tops of its kind.

STEPPIN AND FAMILY, by Hope Newell, pictures by Anne Merriman Peck. A refreshingly different children's book about a Harlem colored boy who yearns to become a professional dancer—and does, thanks to the friendship of the great Bob Williams. (For Bob Williams, read Bill Robinson.) Steppin is a lifelike and human boy and his story is written with humor and feeling; the background of Harlem tenement, dancing school, and backstage is especially interesting.

ADAM OF THE ROAD, by Elizabeth Janet Gray, illustrated by Robert Lawson. A

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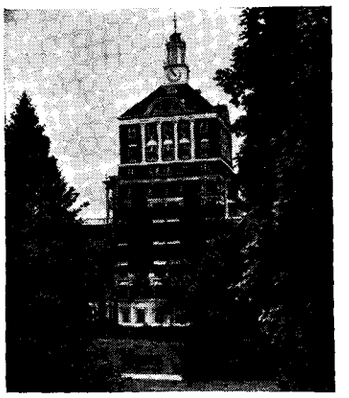

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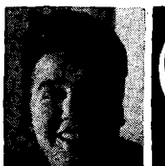

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truly delightful tale of a minstrel boy in thirteenth-century England, and far from being the mustily historical reconstruction which so many medieval-background books for children have been—always excepting Howard Pyle's. The boy Adam's adventurous search for his lost dog and lost minstrel father will be the envy of many modern twelve-year-olds. The period detail, much of it new and fascinating, is thoroughly woven into the story. The book is handsome, too, with its wide-spaced type and fine, rich illustrations.

LIONS ON THE HUNT, by Theodore J. Waldeck, illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Theodore Waldeck has a faithful following of boys who like to read about animals of the jungle and veldt. In this new book, Sur-Dah, a mighty African lion, can outwit Zulus, outfight other lions, and laugh at elephants, but even he is humiliated by the swift ostrich and the angry baboon and has to flee for his life before the crowding springbok in migration. Good stuff.

WAR HORSE, by Fairfax Downey, illustrated by Paul Brown. The romantic history of Barbara, an artillery horse in the first World War, and of the private who loved her. The author knows his horses and his Army; Barbara's story is derived in part from that of a real war horse, a sergeant's mount in Mr. Downey's regiment in France. Occasionally, as fictionalized, it is farfetched; always it is frankly sentimental, but what good horse story isn't? Illustrated to perfection by Paul Brown's expert horse drawings.

NONE BUT THE BRAVE, by Rosamond van der Zee Marshall, illustrated by Gregor Duncan. A historical novel with a spirited young heroine and a mild love story, which is pertinent to our times because it is set in Holland when the Dutch were under Spanish domination. The events, including the siege of Leyden, are colorful, and the courage and indomitability of the groups working under cover against their conquerors make a heartening parallel with what is going on among the subjugated nations today. First-rate pen-and-ink illustrations.

CAROLINA CARAVAN, by Christine Nobel Govan, illustrated by Helen Blair. Mrs. Govan is a fluent storyteller and, once begun, this book will be read straight through. It tells of the McKenzie children's summer on an island off the South Carolina coast when sixteen-year-old Kitty has to use her ingenuity to get her orphaned brood through all sorts of ordeals—poverty, a near-ghost, a hurricane. A human, modern story garnished by authentic Southern atmosphere and dialect.

THEY LOVED TO LAUGH, by Kathryn Worth, illustrated by Marguerite de Angeli. The author of "The Middle Button" has written another fine tale of family life which should appeal to Louisa M. Alcott enthusiasts. Without being in any sense imitative, it recalls particularly "Eight Cousins," because it is the story of a timid, orphaned girl adopted into a family of lively, teasing young men, with one of whom she falls in love. The family are Quakers, the setting is North Carolina in the

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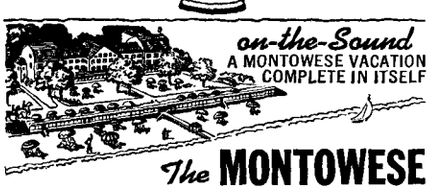

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eighteen-thirties, and the period detail is fresh yet properly subordinated to plot and play of character.

SOME of the best juvenile books of recent years are those on nature and science, and this spring's list adds an excellent group to the children's natural-history shelf. Of the ones which follow, the first two are picture books in which scientific facts are presented in story form; the others serve them straight:

AT THE SEASHORE, by W. W. Robinson, pictures by Irene Robinson. Ann and Bill's day at the shore (on the Pacific Coast) introduces them to greedy gulls and pelicans, a baby seal, sea anemones, fighting hermit crabs, and many other strange sea creatures. Lovely, big pictures in color.

CUCKOO, story by Lida, translated from the French by Lily Duplaix, color lithographs by Rojankovsky. The newest volume in a delightful series by these collaborators. It explains the queer ways of the raffish cuckoo by telling the story of how one baby cuckoo was hatched and fed by a titmouse, grew too big to leave the nest in a hole in a tree, and was finally rescued by a small French boy.

TWENTY LITTLE FISHES, by Ida M. Mellen, illustrated by Else Bostelmann. The twenty fishes, common and rare, whose curious habits are here described by an aquarist and whose lovely colors are painted by a marine artist are the sort young New York readers can find in ponds, at the seashore, in home fish tanks, or at the big aquarium in the Bronx Zoo.

INSECTS AND THEIR WAYS and BEYOND THE SOLAR SYSTEM, by Bertha Morris Parker, the first book illustrated by Elizabeth Newhall, the second by drawings and observatory photographs. Two of an excellent and inexpensive elementary-science series (for a six-to-ten age group), with lively text and good illustrations in color.

AMERICAN BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS, by

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Cecile Hulse Matschat, illustrated by Rudolf Freund. An introduction for anyone over nine to seventy-three familiar moths and butterflies and a few rare ones, with identifying descriptions and first-rate color plates. A lot for the price of a dollar.

THE TALE OF THE PROMETHEA MOTH, text, photographs, and drawings by Henry B. Kane. The life cycle of the spectacular Promethea excitingly told by simple text and extraordinarily fine photographs. Mr. Kane's earlier books on the whitefoot mouse and the bullfrog will guarantee readers of all ages for this new volume in his distinguished series of "Wild World Tales."

HORNS AND ANTLERS, written and illustrated by Wilfrid S. Bronson. North American deer, moose, antelope, and all their horned, antlered, and cud-chewing cousins. Mr. Bronson's illustrations in color and black-and-white are accurate, his text a model of clear and readable presentation of scientific facts; children like his books.

MICE, MEN, AND ELEPHANTS, by Herbert S. Zim, illustrated by drawings by James MacDonald and by photographs. All about mammals, including men, "the most important animals on earth." A good book for zoologists of grade-school and junior-high-school age. Though not presented as a book on sex education, it will answer many questions on that score.

THE ANIMAL BOOK, by Dorothy Childs Hogner and Nils Hogner. A handbook—almost a brief encyclopedia—listing and describing with good, clear text and excellent drawings a hundred and seventy North American mammals. A handsome reference book which should be useful in any home and school and can be read with pleasure by anyone over twelve.

THE SEASONS AND THE FISHERMAN, by F. Fraser Darling, and THE SEASONS AND THE WOODMAN, by D. H. Chapman, both volumes illustrated by drawings by C. F. Tunnicliffe. From an English series on the seasons and how they affect outdoor occupations. These two deal with fish and fishing, trees and lumbering, and, though they discuss British species and British habits of work, they should interest young Americans because of their scope and the beauty of their format and illustrations. It is astonishing how much, in such a short space, they manage to get of specific natural science, of the elementary economics of the fish and lumber harvests, and of a pervasive love of outdoors.

NEXT follows a group of biographies. The first three are suitable for children from nine to thirteen, the others for older young people:

FRIEND OF ANIMALS, THE STORY OF HENRY BERGH, by Mildred Mastin Pace, illustrated by Paul Brown. Mrs. Pace is expert at the short biography in story form. In Henry Bergh, the New Yorker who founded the S.P.C.A. and, in 1866, was responsible for the first really effective American law against cruelty, she has a little-known and in-

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teresting subject. The facts of his lifelong campaign for the relief of mistreated children and animals are amazing.

BOY OF THE WOODS, THE STORY OF JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, by Maie Lounsbury Wells and Dorothy Fox, illustrated by Elinore Blaisdell. A life of the great ornithologist which has considerable charm. Audubon's volatile nature and the contrast between his life as an elegant young Frenchman and as a penniless American frontiersman are well given. His years of devotion to the task of listing and painting *all* the birds and the long struggle leading up to the publication of "The Birds of America" in its elephant-folio first edition make an exciting story.

RADIUM TREASURE AND THE CURIES, by Irmengarde Eberle, illustrated by William Sharp. A good, compact book which tells one of the most dramatic and moving stories of modern times. The biographical chapters, which could serve as an introduction to Eve Curie's life of her mother, are rounded out by simple explanations of the nature of radium and how it is extracted and used today. Good line-drawing illustrations.

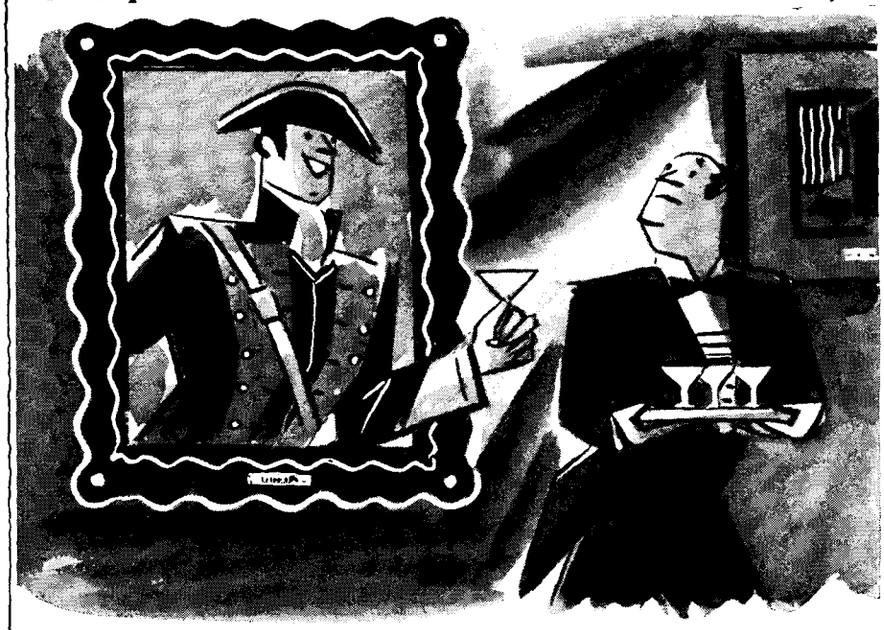
SHOOTING STAR, THE STORY OF TECUMSEH, by William E. Wilson. Tecumseh's life was a bitter and a bloody one in spite of the fact that his character, by Indian standards, was uncompromisingly idealistic. Mr. Wilson tells the facts without sentimentality yet with so much insight that his young readers can better appreciate some of the reasons for the gap in understanding between the red man and his conquerors. The book is good, too, on Tecumseh's times and terrain.

DANCING STAR, THE STORY OF ANNA PAVLOVA, by Gladys Malvern, illustrated by Susanne Suba. From the day she entered the Imperial Ballet School at the age of ten till her death on tour at fifty-one, Pavlova's life was one of obsessive dedication to her art and her career. This book about her is very readable and to many girls of high-school age may prove absorbing as a picture of the glorified, circumscribed, yet, in Pavlova's case, global world of stage and ballet. Delightful illustrations.

THEODOSIA, DAUGHTER OF AARON BURR, by Anne Colver, illustrated by Elinore Blaisdell. Written like a novel, this biography of the lovely and tragic Theodosia Burr is thoroughly engrossing. From it, young readers can almost know how it must feel to have an adored father change from being a popular hero and Vice-President of the country into an outcast, first tried for murder, later for treason, then living in exile and poverty. The portraits of Theodosia and her enigmatic father are subtly done and the story covers some of the most melodramatic events in our history.

THE YOUNG CHURCHILL, by Stanley Nott, with a foreword by Lord Halifax, illustrated by photographs. Winston Churchill's first twenty-six years. This account of a rather unhappy childhood followed by eight amazingly varied and vigorous years in Army service in India and Egypt and as a correspondent in South Africa during the Boer War is

Metropolitan Moments . . . . . by Jaro Fabry



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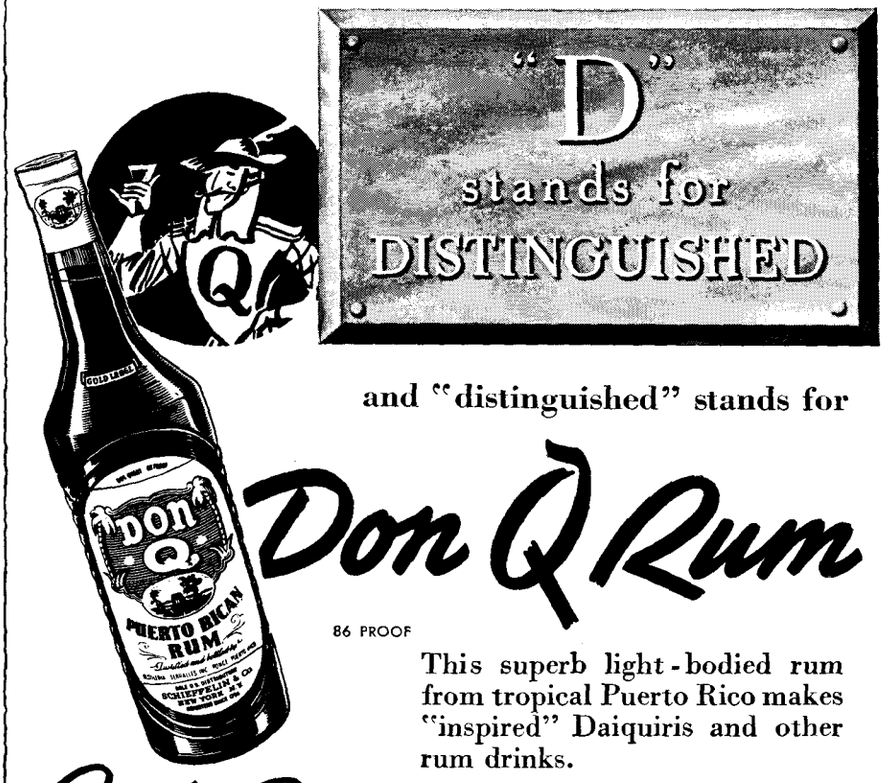

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full of action and interesting in providing a key to the man today. The biographical approach is journalistic, not fictional.

THE WAY OF AN EAGLE, AN INTIMATE BIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS JEFFERSON AND HIS FIGHT FOR DEMOCRACY, by Sonia Daugherty, illustrated by James Daugherty. Sonia Daugherty does her young readers the honor of writing for them as if they were her contemporaries. In Jefferson she has a hero peculiarly timely for the year 1942, and her portrait of him is intimate and full-bodied. Occasionally it might gain by a little more simplification, but on the whole the great canvas she paints is vividly done: the many-sided man, the democratic issues he made clear for all time, the scene shifting from Williamsburg to Monticello and finally to the whole of a free land.

MISCELLANY: Two new aviation books most boys will want to read are "Wings of Defense," by Captain Burr W. Leyson—aerial warfare and American strategy in air combat—and "Youth Must Fly," by Commander E. F. McDonald, Jr.—all about gliding and the case for powerless flight as preliminary training for aviators. "Youth and the Sea" is a good book on training for the merchant marine. A handbook many girls will welcome is "How to Make Historic American Costumes," by Mary Evans, illustrated by Elizabeth Brooks—authoritative, complete, and practical; it even provides patterns. "Tune Up, the Instruments of the Orchestra and Their Players," text and photographs by Harriet E. Huntington, and "Picture Book of Musical Instruments," by Marion Lacey, drawings by Leonard Weisgard, both describe how each instrument originated and what its rôle is, and both are good. "The True Story of Fala," by Margaret L. Suckley and Alice Dalgliesh, illustrated by E. N. Fairchild and by photographs, tells all there is to know about the first dog of the land, does it with taste, and has the blessing of Fala's master. —K. S. W.

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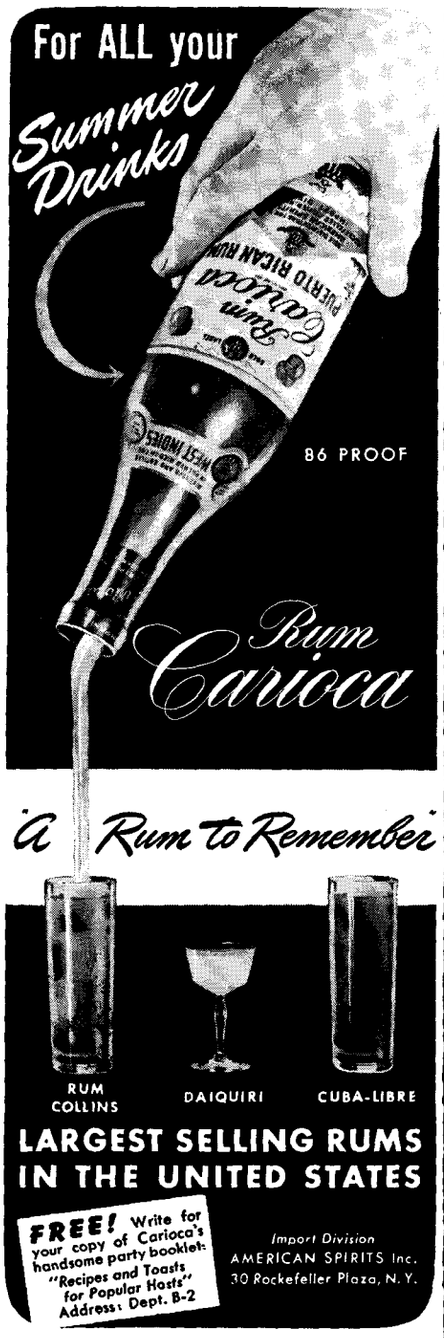
THE SLAVE OF FASHION

[*From Patricia Coffin's column in the World-Telegram*]

Mrs. James P. Donahue has taken her gold-plated service out of storage—and has placed it in the hands of the Parke-Bernet Galleries to be sold at auction April 24 and 25. Mrs. Donahue, daughter of the late F. W. Woolworth and aunt of Barbara Hutton Haugwitz-Reventlow, inherited the set from her father. It includes complete tea and coffee services, platters, dishes, bowls, and a centerpiece, all designed by the famous French goldsmith Christofle. Mrs. Donahue has not used her gold service since ostentation went out of fashion.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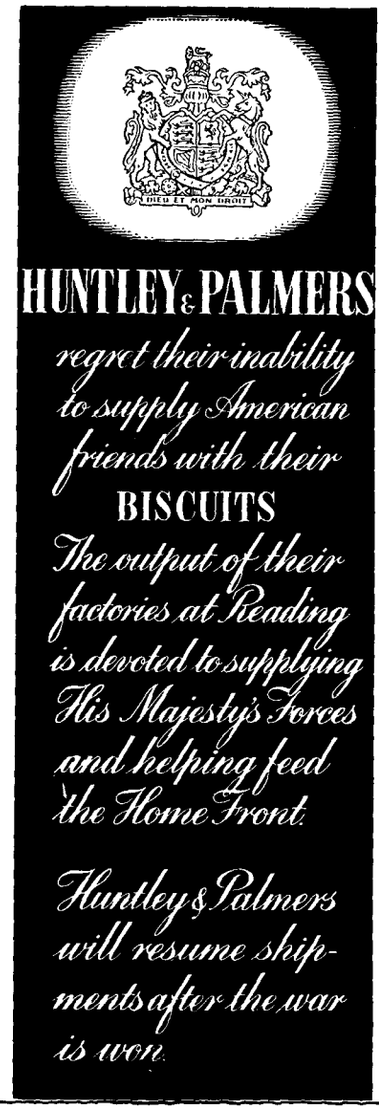
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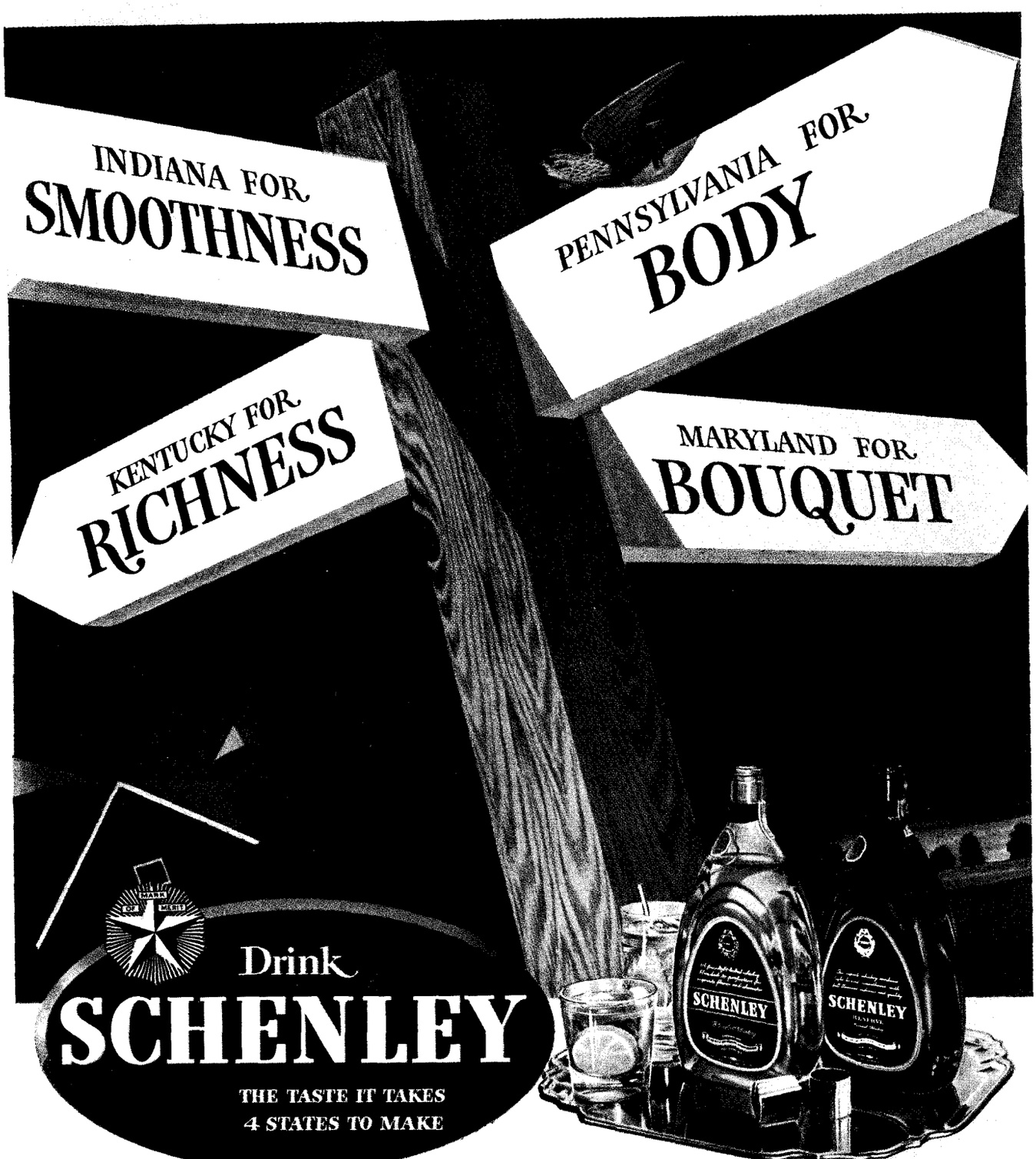

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